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LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 17, 1848.

No. 1077.

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Advertisements of Subscribers residing in remote places, the weekly numbers are released in Monthly Parts, stitched in a wrapper, and forwarded with the Magazines. Subscriptions for the Stamped Edition for the Continent, for not less than Three Months, and in advance, are received by M. BAUDRY, 3, Quai Malaquais, Paris, or at the Publishing Office, 14, Wellington-street North, Strand, London. For France and other Countries not requiring the postage to be paid in London, 28fr. or 11. 2s. the year. To other Countries, the postage in addition.

TO MEDAL DIE-SINKERS.—The Council of the Art-Union of London, with a view to the continuation of the series of Medals illustrating the history of British Art, to give COMMISSIONS FOR THE EXECUTION OF MEDALS commemorative of Inigo Jones and Banks, and invite Artists in this department to send to the office of the Society, 4, Trafalgar-square, London, specimens of their work already executed. The Council will recognize such specimens only as are bona fide the work of the Artists who submit them.
GEORGE GODWIN, Honorary Secretary.
LEWIS FODD, Secretary.
June 12, 1848.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE PORTRAIT OF GEORGE STEPHENSON, Esq. painted by Mr. Lucas, will be closed on the last day of June. His friends and admirers are requested to call and see it, at the Gallery of Messrs. H. K. & Co. Pall Mall, before it is removed.

THE LAST CONCERT OF THIS SEASON. Under the direction of Mr. JOHN HULLAH, will be held on the evening of WEDNESDAY NEXT, June 21st, and will consist of a SELECTION OF MISCELLANEOUS MUSIC. Principal Performers:—Miss Rutherford, Miss Stewart, Mrs. Weiss, Miss Williams, Mrs. Alexander Newton, Miss Duval, Miss M. Williams, Mr. Locky, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Henry Whitworth, Mr. Vane, and (Pianoforte) Mr. Stenhouse Bennett. The Chorus of the Members of Mr. Hullah's First Upper Singing School. The Orchestra will be complete in every department.
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THE EDINBURGH REVIEW. No. CLXXVII.—ADVERTISEMENTS for insertion in the forthcoming Number of THE EDINBURGH REVIEW are requested to be forwarded to the Publishers before Friday the 22nd, and Bills by Monday the 26th inst.
London: Longman & Co. Paternoster-row.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW. No. 166.—ADVERTISEMENTS for the forthcoming Number must be forwarded to the Publisher by the 24th, and Bills for insertion by the 26th instant.
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Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings. By the Author of 'Rienzi,' 'The Last of the Barons,' &c. 3 vols. Bentley.

It will be a misfortune attending the criticism of this new, and in many respects able, work of Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, that those who write on it—and indeed those who read it—can scarcely determine whether to treat it as history or as fiction. If as history, it is written with too much of the air of mere invention; if as fiction, it includes too many of the details of the chronicles. This is an evil attending the choice of the subject,—and one which, though many have made the attempt, only one author of the class has been able in any great degree to overcome. To this rare, and almost wonderful, exception it is not necessary that we should more expressly refer; but we must add that even in that case the experiment, however generally successful, occasioned many important distortions and perversions of facts,—and we will venture to say that it has produced, especially in the present generation, much doubt, confusion and error as to characters, opinions, and events.

These observations are in a manner challenged by Sir E. B. Lytton's dedicatory preface, and by the notes which he has placed at the foot of his page and appended to each of his volumes. They appear to set up a claim for his fiction, notwithstanding his denial of the pretension, to the dignity and importance of history. We hold it impossible to reconcile the two satisfactorily. Either let us have a production of mere fancy, or let us have a book depending mainly on its facts and statements the value of which can be measured by ordinary and known standards. The author commences with informing us that he has abandoned the usual course of historical narrative in his incidents:—he makes a merit of perverting what has hitherto been received in relation to the connexion between Harold and Edith. We admit at once that, for his purpose, he had good reason for making the change,—because it renders the story not merely more interesting, but on every account more readable. On this point Sir E. B. Lytton observes:—"The love story of Harold and Edith is told differently from the well-known legend, which implies a less pure connexion. But the whole legend respecting the *Edeva faira* (Edith the fair) whose name meets us in the Doomsday Roll, rests upon very slight authority considering its popular acceptance; and the reasons for my alterations will be sufficiently obvious in a work intended not only for general perusal, but which, on many accounts, I hope, may be intrusted fearlessly to the young." That is to say, he made this important deviation because he did not wish to have his novel banished from drawing-room tables and the boudoirs of the ordinary readers of such productions.

We should have complained less of aberrations of this kind if the writer had not been rather ostentatious of his authorities; from which he clearly means it to be inferred that in all the main incidents of his story he has adhered to the most authentic representations. We do not dispute that in many instances he has done so,—but we think that he has thereby rendered his work less attractive. His archaeology spoils his book as a fiction—just as his departures from the same injure it as history. He has thus put a curb on his imagination, both as regards persons and events,—and would have produced a better and more popular work had

he subjected himself to none of these restraints. As it is, the old figure of a man dancing a hornpipe in fetters recurs to the reader. We may be surprised that he can do so well, thus loaded,—but feel sure that he could have done much better, unencumbered. In fact, the author has most succeeded where he has most rejected the inconvenient restraints to which he elsewhere submitted; and those portions of his three volumes will be read with most pleasure where he has given way to the variety and gracefulness of his own fancy and the vigour and boldness of his own imagination. The description, for instance, of all that relates to the war of Harold against Gryffyth, in Wales, is unsurpassed in interest and power by anything from his pen. We will select our first specimen from this part of Vol. II.; premising that Gryffyth, his queen, and his starving followers have been shut up in a mountain fastness, and that Harold, by a monk and a young Norman, has sent them a message of mercy on submission.—

"As the monk ceased, the thrill of the audience was perceptible, and a deep silence was followed by a general murmur, as if to constrain the King. Then the pride of the despot chief rose up to second the wrath of the suspecting man. The red spot flushed the dark cheek, and he tossed the neglected hair from his brow. He made one stride towards the monk, and said, in a voice loud, and deep, and slow, rolling far up the hill,—'Monk, thou hast said; and now hear the reply of the son of Llewellyn, the true heir of Roderic the Great, who from the heights of Eryri saw all the lands of the Cymrian sleeping under the dragon of Uther. King was I born, and king will I die. I will not ride by the side of the Saxon to the feet of Edward, the son of the spoiler. I will not, to purchase base life, surrender the claim, vain before men and the hour, but solemn before God and posterity,—the claim of my line and my people. All Britain is ours—all the Island of Pines. And the children of Hengist are traitors and rebels—not the heirs of Ambrosius and Uther. Say to Harold the Saxon, 'Ye have left us but the tomb of the Druid and the hills of the eagle; but freedom and royalty are ours, in life and in death—not for you to demand them, not for us to betray.' Nor fear ye, O my chiefs, few, but unmatched in glory and truth; fear not ye to perish by the hunger thus denounced as our doom, on these heights that command the fruits of our own fields! No, die we may, but not mute and revengeless. Go back, whispering warrior; go back, false son of Cymry—and tell Harold to look well to his walls and his trenches. We will vouchsafe him grace for his grace—we will not take him by surprise, nor under cloud of the night. With the gleam of our spears and the clash of our shields, we will come from the hill; and, famine-worn as he deems us, hold a feast in his walls which the vultures of Snowdon plume their pinions to share!—'Rash man and unhappy!' cried the monk; 'what curse dravest thou down on thy head! Wilt thou be the murderer of thy men, in strife unavailing and vain? Heaven holds thee guilty of all the blood thou shalt cause to be shed.'—'Be dumb!—hush thy screech, lying raven!' exclaimed Gryffyth, his eyes darting fire, and his slight form dilating. 'Once, priest and monk went before us to inspire, not to daunt; and our cry, Alleluia! was taught us by the saints of the Church, on the day when Saxons, fierce and many as Harold's, fell on the field of Maes-Garmon. No, the curse is on the head of the invader, not on those who defend hearth and altar. Yea, as the song to the bard, the curse leaps through my veins, and rushes forth from my lips. By the land they have ravaged; by the gore they have spilt; on these crags, our last refuge; below the carn on yon heights, where the Dead stir to hear me,—I launch the curse of the wronged and the doomed on the children of Hengist! They in turn shall know the steel of the stranger—their crown shall be shivered as glass, and their nobles be as slaves in the land. And the line of Hengist and Cerdic shall be reared from the roll of empire. And the ghosts of our fathers shall

glide, appeased, over the grave of their nation. But we—we, though weak in the body, in the soul shall be strong to the last! The ploughshare may pass over our cities, but the soil shall be trod by our steps, and our deeds keep our language alive in the songs of our bards. Nor, in the great Judgment Day, shall any race but the race of Cymry rise from their graves in this corner of earth, to answer for the sins of the brave.' So impressive the voice, so grand the brow, and sublime the wild gesture of the King, as he thus spoke, that not only the monk himself was awed; not only, though he understood not the words, did the Norman knight bow his head, as a child when the lightning he fears as by instinct, flashes out from the cloud,—but even the sullen and wide-spreading discontent at work among most of the chiefs was arrested for a moment. But the spearmen and multitude above, excited by the tidings of safety to life, and worn out by repeated defeat, and the dread fear of famine, too remote to hear the King, were listening eagerly to the insidious addresses of the two stealthy conspirators, creeping from rank to rank; and already they began to sway and move, and sweep slowly down towards the King. Recovering his surprise, the Norman again neared Gryffyth, and began to re-urge his mission of peace. But the chief waived him back sternly, and said aloud, though in Saxon:—'No secrets can pass between Harold and me. Thus much alone, take thou back as answer:—I thank the Earl, for myself, my Queen, and my people. Noble have been his courtesies as foe; as foe I thank him—as King, defy. The torque he hath returned to my hand, he shall see again ere the sun set. Messengers, ye are answered: withdraw and speed fast, that we may pass not your steps on the road.' The monk sighed, and cast a look of holy compassion over the circle; and a pleased man was he to see in the faces of most there, that the King was alone in his fierce defiance. Then lifting again the rood, he turned away, and with him went the Norman."

The above, and nearly all that belongs to it, is invention,—and very admirably invented it is. We know nothing much more animating and inspiring than the whole that relates to the Cat-King (as Gryffyth is called by the Norman); his struggles, his defeats, and his suffering.

We venture to think that Sir E. B. Lytton is much mistaken when he represents, not merely the clergy, but the young soldiers and courtiers of the reign of the Confessor as well acquainted with the literature of Greece and Rome. It is true that as regards abbots and monks he is, in compensation, very severe. He does justice to such ecclesiastics as Lanfranc and Aelfred; but he makes an abbot who figures prominently in one or two scenes ignorant of the commonest rudiments of Latin,—while a younger brother in his company is lost in wonder at the learning of his superior. The following is a short part of their dialogue.—

"The King's Norman favourites at least honoured the Church."—"That is true," said an abbot, "and, as it were not for two things, I should love the Norman better than the Saxon."—"What are they, my father?"—asked an aspiring young monk.—"Inprinis," quoth the abbot, proud of the one Latin word he thought he knew, but that, as we see, was an error; "they cannot speak so as to be understood, and I fear me much they incline to mere carnal learning." Here was a sanctified groan:—"Count William himself spoke to me in Latin!" continued the abbot, raising his eyebrows.—"Did he?"—"Wonderful!" exclaimed several voices. "And what did you answer, holy father?"—"Marry," said the abbot solemnly, "I replied, 'Inprinis.'—"Good!" said the young monk, with a look of profound admiration.

We have introduced this extract by way of contrast with the learning attributed to other classes. Even of Gryffyth, the Cat-King of Wales, we are told that "his mind had turned from the literature of Rome to the legends and songs and chronicles of his land;" and other personages, both Saxon and Norman, refer to Greek and Latin authors with far too much

familiarity. Homeric fables and Homeric personages are mentioned and alluded to by the characters; and though we may be willing to admit that more learning existed among our Anglo-Saxon forefathers than has by many been supposed, yet we most seriously doubt whether it is consistent with the state of knowledge of the time to put quotations from Horace into the mouth of a young soldier,—still more, that he should employ such in conversation with a rude Saxon from the weald of Kent. Of course, what the author introduces on his own account and in his own person in the progress of the narrative is not liable to any such objection; and whether it did or did not require to be translated in A.D. 1052, it is quite clear that Sir E. B. Lytton is of opinion that it requires to be translated in A.D. 1848,—for we cannot call to mind an instance in which he has employed a scrap of Latin where he has not done his readers the favour to render it into English. Whatever might be the case in England in the eleventh century, we are sure that Greek was not studied in Italy even in the thirteenth century,—and that Dante knew nothing of Homer unless at second-hand.

In connexion with this matter, we may here not unfitly notice the great number of Saxon and Anglo-Saxon words employed by Sir E. B. Lytton without explanation, even where explanation seemed most necessary. If the absence of this explanation should have the effect of inducing the readers of 'Harold' to make themselves in some degree proficient in the great and noble language of their remote ancestors, so much the better; but in the mean time it might not have been improper to have added an interpretation, in brackets or otherwise—provided it were really necessary that the author should go out of his way to employ terms so little understood by the great body of persons to whom he addresses himself. Sometimes the context will enable the reader to guess what is meant; but generally, we think, he will be quite at a loss for the meaning. We copy a few—and but a few—regarding which, we are confident, even well-educated persons will be at some loss:—*veregeld, lûhsamen, ceorl sizhændmen cyst, mancuses, dour, cnechts, quens*: which, with many more, are of perpetual occurrence. We say nothing of such words as *thegn*, which might have been more intelligibly and less cacophonously written *thane*,—or of *zemes*, which Sir E. B. Lytton himself seems sometimes to use indifferently with *gems*,—but we should like to know what is gained by the rejection of a word having the same meaning and in daily employment. The author seems to have "crammed" himself from Mr. D'Eyncourt's folios (as he admits in his prefatory epistle)—and then fancied that matters familiar to him must also be well known to others. This is an ordinary error.

The great reputation which the author has justly acquired enables him easily to afford that such minor faults and blemishes should be pointed out. For this reason, we tell him that he is not to suppose, because he sees in a plan of London of the middle of the sixteenth century two rings marked down for the baiting of bulls and bears, and because the sport may be mentioned by Fitzstephen, that these places existed on the same spot in the middle of the eleventh century. His mention of these rings forms part of a very interesting, but not a very accurate, description of London before the Conquest, in his first volume. The truth is, that we have no sufficient materials for such a description; and on this account we are willing to take Sir E. B. Lytton's fanciful representation,—which is highly picturesque. He is seldom at fault when he relies on himself and his own

resources. One instance to the contrary may, however, be pointed out near the end of his second volume; where William, then Count—or Duke—of Normandy challenges Harold to bend his bow,—an exertion to which the Saxon noble is not accustomed, and which therefore he declines. The meaning of *bending a bow* is not, as Sir E. B. Lytton seems to imagine, the pulling of a cloth-yard arrow to the head after the bow has been strung; it is *stringing a bow*,—an operation requiring both art and strength, and dangerous to the weak and the unskilful.

Of the story itself we have said little; because the rude outline of nearly the whole of it is to be found in history—if history it deserve, at that early date, to be called. The loves of Harold and Edith form but a small portion of the tale;—and as that is the most imaginative portion, so in several respects it is the best. The character of the heroine is delicately and touchingly drawn; and her feminine sweetness and tenderness are excellently set off by, and contrasted with, the more masculine proportions and appearance of Hilda, her magical and mysterious grandmother,—who, from first to last, acts a very prominent part in all that relates to Harold's affection and to his ambition. She is a very grand personage, who adheres to the Saxon faith, rejecting the Christian creed, and resorts to all the solemn and awful incantations belonging to her ancient superstitions. It must be confessed that she now and then reminds us of *Norna* in Sir W. Scott's 'Pirate,' and of *Meg Merrilies* in his 'Guy Ranning'; but it is only for a moment,—and in such a manner as could not have been avoided by the author. What follows is a small part of a scene in which the two lovers and Hilda are introduced, in the second volume.—

"'There is no joy for me,' returned Edith plaintively; 'and I have that on my heart,' she added, with a sudden and almost fierce change of tone, 'which at last I will dare to speak. I reproach thee, Hilda, that thou hast marred all my life; that thou hast duped me with dreams, and left me alone in despair.'—'Speak on,' said Hilda, calmly, as a nurse to a froward child.—'Hast thou not told me, from the first dawn of my wondering reason, that my life and lot were interwoven with—with (the word, mad and daring, must out) with those of Harold the peerless? But for that, which my fancy took from thy lips as a law, I had never been so vain and so frantic; I had never watched each play of his face, and treasured each word from his lips; I had never made my life but a part of his life—all my soul but the shadow of his sun. But for that, I had hailed the calm of the cloister—but for that, I had glided in peace to my grave. And now—now, O Hilda.—' Edith paused, and that break had more eloquence than any words she could command. 'And,' she resumed quickly, 'thou knowest that these hopes were but dreams—that the law ever stood between him and me—and that it was guilt to love him.'—'I knew the law,' answered Hilda, 'but the law of fools is to the wise as the cobweb swung over the brake to the wing of the bird. Ye are sible to each other, some five times removed; and therefore an old man at Rome saith that ye ought not to wed. When the shavelings obey the old man at Rome, and put aside their own wives and fillas, and abstain from the wine cup and the chase and the brawl, I will stoop to hear of their laws,—with disrelish it may be, but without scorn. It is no sin to love Harold; and no monk and no law shall prevent your union on the day appointed to bring ye together, form and heart.'—'Hilda! Hilda! madden me not with joy,' cried Edith, starting up in rapturous emotion, her young face dyed with blushes, and all her renovated beauty so celestial that Hilda herself was almost awed, as if by the vision of Freya, the northern Venus, charmed by a spell from the halls of Asgard.—'But that day is distant,' renewed the Vala.—'What matters! what matters!' cried the pure child of Nature; 'I ask but hope. Enough,—oh! enough, if we are but wedded on the borders of the grave!'

—'Lo, then,' said Hilda, 'behold, the sun of thy life dawns again!' As she spoke, the Vala stretched her arm, and, through the interstices of the columns of the fane, Edith saw the large shadow of a man cast over the still sward. Presently into the space of the circle came Harold, her beloved. His face was pale with grief yet recent; but, perhaps more than ever, dignity was in his step and command on his brow, for he felt that now alone with him rested the might of Saxon England. And what royal robe so invests with imperial majesty the form of man as the grave sense of power responsible in an earnest soul?—'Thou comest,' said Hilda, 'in the hour I predicted; at the setting of the sun and the rising of the star.'—'Vala,' said Harold, gloomily, 'I will not oppose my sense to thy prophecies; for who shall judge of that power of which he knows not the elements? or despise the marvel of which he cannot detect the imposture.'—

The earlier portion of the story is perhaps too much made up of obscure history to be very interesting; and the only incidents in the first volume that may be said really to belong to a novel consist of the return of Earl Godwin and his four sons from banishment, and the declaration by Harold of his love for Edith,—who, as we have seen, stood within the forbidden degrees of consanguinity to him. The incidents acquire a more rapid movement in the second volume,—and the interest is powerfully wound up in the third. They, therefore, who pause and look back when they have arrived at the end of 300 pages will feel dissatisfied; let them wait until they have finished the whole, and their dissatisfaction will then be that they have come to the end of the work.

It is not unusual in productions of this class to find that the person intended for the hero is not the hero in fact. Such, in a degree, is the case with Harold. In various parts of the story he is not so much its hero as William, Duke of Normandy, the victor at Hastings; and Sir E. B. Lytton has drawn the character of William with such force and fulness that when he and Harold are together it is not to be disputed that William attracts more attention, if not interest, than his younger rival. We do not say that the affections of the reader are not with Harold; but the genius, the resources, the mental power and subtlety of William engross our admiration,—and would make us feel certain, even if we knew nothing historically of the issue, that he must triumph. We admit all along the courage and generosity of Harold; but, as the author tells us, his parts are comparatively slow,—and when in Normandy he was outwitted, and would have been more so, but for the sagacity and penetration of his little nephew Haco. This may be true as history, but it is not right as art—and here we have a particular example of the difficulties of the historical novel. We cannot go thoroughly and heartily along with any hero whom we expect to see duped, and who we know in the end will be conquered.

Industry of the Rhine. Series II. Manufactures; embracing a View of the Social Condition of the Manufacturing Population of that District. By T. C. Banfield. Cox.

In this small pocket volume we have a succinct account of the manufactures situated in that broad belt of land intersected by the Rhine. They embrace an infinite variety; but the manufacture of iron and lead occupies the largest number of hands. Some mines of these metals have been worked for several centuries with little or no alteration in the manner of operating. Here is an account of the Stahlberg iron mine, in the Siegen district.—

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concentration. This apartment is where the miners assemble daily at prayer before going into the mine. The entrance is by an adit cut from the lowest point in the valley, and carried 660 fathoms on end into the hill. It is 7 feet high by 4 broad, according to the custom of the country, and is vaulted, being built up with brick where the sides were not formed by the solid rock. The rock, or country, as it is called in Cornwall, is grauwacke-slate, in which the lode, or rather bed, of steelstone, 12 fathoms in breadth and 20 to 23 fathoms long, runs in a direction of N.E. and S.W., inclining at an angle of 80° to 85° E. to the horizon. At the south end the lode is cut off by a fault, beyond which it has not yet been possible to find the vein. At the north end it splits into several small veins, which lose themselves after an inconsiderable length. The large central mass formed one of those workings which old miners were particularly fond of, and in which their ingenuity displayed itself by cutting out chambers of irregular dimensions, supported by great pillars left standing at intervals, and communicating with each other by staircases that led from one story to another. As the solid mass of ore rises nearly to the summit of the hill, it might almost as well have been quarried out, as is the case in Styria and at Dannemora; and the plan now pursued is, after clearing away all the ore left in the upper chambers, to remove the pillars, and let the surface over the cavity fall in; the miners working continually downward, and the hill following them as they proceed, until they reach the bottom. The height from the adit by which we entered to the highest point excavated is 60 fathoms, and is divided into 10 stories, the first and second of which are now worked out. This mine contains the history and affords the most striking illustration of the mining theories that for centuries have been acted upon in this district. The ruling wish is to look upon the veins of metal in which nature has been liberal as a treasure belonging to the land, which must be slowly and economically worked out, that the people may not be impoverished. On such a theory all the calculations of modern mining break down. It discourages all concentration of power and rapidity of work, because the task set to the miner is one that must last for centuries if possible. Accordingly, in all descriptions of the mine which the stranger meets with, it is gravely asserted, 'that at the present rate of working, the streak of ore in the Mäsen mine will furnish employment to the miners for centuries.' Of course the error in this reasoning lies in overlooking the fact that if the contents of the mine were turned into money, or into capital in any other shape, employment would be just as well found by a kind of a more profitable description than that which old-fashioned mining affords. The error is, however, too common in all countries of looking on mining produce as revenue, and not as capital, to be very wonderful here. Besides this notion, others peculiar to the district have much influenced the management of the mine. At present there are but 60 to 70 miners, and 30 to 36 washers and pickers of the ore are employed in the Stahlgberg and the contiguous lead-mine named 'Schwabengrube.'

The wages here average only 1s. per day; but the wants of the miners are few,—and the gloomy faces so often met with among English miners are not to be seen in Prussia. Mr. Banfield gives a very favourable account of the cotton factories,—which he describes as patterns of neatness, regularity, and order. Schools are attached to some of these buildings, in which the children spend at least one hour daily, independently of some time during four evenings in each week. The attention paid to education in Prussia is well known; and Mr. Banfield (who from a long residence at Wiesbaden has had ample opportunities of forming an opinion) conceives that the inhabitants of the Rhenish districts of Prussia, Nassau, Hesse Darmstadt, and Baden form a mass of 5,000,000 of the best educated inhabitants of Europe.

Cologne still maintains its reputation for the celebrated perfume called after its name,—which it has been imagined may have been introduced to counteract the malignant effects of the many pestilential odours that assail the

visitor at every step in its neighbourhood. Respecting the mystery of the *real* Jean Marie Farina and the invention of the essence, Mr. Banfield says:—

"We believe the truth to be contained in the following statement, which has been given us on good authority:—A famous distiller (if not the famous one), Jean Marie Farina, died several years ago, and left his receipt and his business to two daughters, both married. The husband of one of these only carried on the business, and his establishment is at No. 129, Hoch Strasse. It is certain that the name has been multiplied in some cases at Cologne by hunting out persons named Farina in Italy, who were made use of to give a pretext for putting that name on the bottles. But no descent will secure a supremacy in a manufacture which depends both on the quality of the essential oils used, and the proportions in which they are mixed, circumstances in which it seems likely that no two batches made by the same hand can ever perfectly agree. There are at least three manufacturers who stand pretty much alike in favour with the public, and altogether we believe the candidates for that favour number fourteen, of whom ten bear the name of Farina. Several receipts have been published of this famous water; one by Dr. Ure was said to have been obtained from the inventor, M. Farina. According to this, sage, mint, thyme, calamus, angelica, camphor, rose-leaves, violets, lavender, orange-flowers, wormwood, all the spices, and no less than eight ethereal oils, combine their flavours to produce the unrivalled scent of the water. Another receipt names only the essential oils, leaving out the herbs and the spices. These are mixed with alcohol, and the whole gently distilled. There are now distillers of eau de Cologne in every large town, and every considerable chemist's establishment makes its own. Still the quantity made and sold at Cologne is very large. We did not hear a positive statement respecting it that could be relied upon."

The traveller who desires to know more of the Rhine country than can be gathered from a steam-boat excursion on the river will find Mr. Banfield an instructive, and often an amusing, guide.

Recollections of Bush Life in Australia. By H. W. Haygarth, Esq. Murray.

THE library of Australia has recently received so many and various accessions, and the subjects of colonial life and policy have so frequently engaged our attention during the past few months, that we should not have been tempted to return to the topic by any less spirited and agreeable work than the one before us. Mr. Haygarth has had some years' experience of Australian life, and writes with a thorough comprehension of his subject. His work is not perfectly regular in its form,—but this the general reader will find a great advantage. It has neither the shape of a treatise nor that of a journal; but is something between them—combining the compact information of the first with the readable interest of the second. Narrative and disquisition are nicely interwoven. The far greater part of the work is the result of personal knowledge and experience; and wherever the information of others is made use of, it is digested, reproduced with added value, and, in fact, made the author's own. The work, however, has one fault, and that, in such productions, a grave one;—an almost total absence of dates. Considering the rapid changes which supervene in a country like Australia, it is of importance to know when an account was written, and to what exact period of time it refers. Such of our readers as, like ourselves, take the trouble to wade through the voluminous parliamentary papers which are annually printed having reference to the colonies of that continent, can alone fully appreciate the particular necessity for having a date to every authenticated statement:—but every person will understand the general value of

precision as to time in matters subject to constant changes. It would be no more absurd to publish the particulars of a census without naming the year in which it was taken than such an account of Australia as Mr. Haygarth here offers. This is, however, an omission which may easily be rectified in any new issue.

In speaking a short time ago of a new scheme of colonization, we noticed some curious contrasts of character betwixt the modes of life and the prevailing sentiments of the Anglo-Saxon at home and in the colonies; and observed that the cast of the new societies which spring up in the wilderness assimilates not to the English but to the American type. This tendency is in fact so nearly universal in all the latitudes in which our countrymen have taken root, as to irresistibly suggest the operation of some natural law by which the further development of this hardy colonizing race is forced in a specific direction towards a new form of social life and new aspects of individual and national character. Before the highly-blended race—the Composite order of man—which in modern language we call Anglo-Saxon, from its preponderant element, assumed the mission of conquest and colonization, the process of making new states was not a creation but a mere continuation. The ancients only reproduced themselves. Spain only made miserable New Spains; Holland produced nothing but Dutch settlements, and France only inferior French departments. England alone creates—renders something which is not a petty England. Her colonial children grow up, not in her own likeness, but in that of her first-born settled on the banks of the Potomac. The importance of well noting this curious fact cannot be over-estimated. The globe is belted with these growing states. From New Zealand to Australia, through the Eastern Archipelago, to Hindustan,—from the Indian Ocean to Natal, and from the Cape of Good Hope through the West India Islands and Honduras, to the vast region of the northern continent of America,—a system of nations dominated by one great race is forming; and a century is not likely to pass away before these nations, separately or confederately, will hold the entire world in their embrace. Whatever may happen in Europe, this is the history that is making for the future,—the early records of which will one day become highly valuable. It is fitting, therefore, that in a work like ours—the index and epitome of contemporary literature and history—a place should be found for every book of value on such a subject:—but Mr. Haygarth tempts us on other grounds, and would command our attention were his theme connected with less important matters. Avoiding plan, we shall string together a few of his characteristic passages. First, let us accompany him on a ride through the forest.—

"There is nothing more pleasant during a journey 'up the country' than, after a long ride through the forest, to emerge, towards evening, upon some clear and verdant space, surrounded by woods, not terminating abruptly, but shelving down, and opening gradually, as if placed there by the hand of nature as a picturesque fringe to the plain. Here there is a brief but delightful change of sight and sound; the chirp of the locust ceases, and the murmur of bleating flocks and lowing herds soothes the ear, while the eye dwells refreshed upon a variety of water and pasture, and marks the distant white smoke, which, curling upwards against a dark mass of wooded hills, points out the habitation of man; the 'cooah-whip,' with his peculiar jerking cry, excites the curiosity of the stranger; and the bell-bird, never found but in the vicinity of water, adds its musical note. But soon, as the traveller journeys onward, the forest once more closes behind him, and shuts out from view the favoured spot. After one of these passing glimpses

of civilization, it is not without some slight misgivings that the stranger in the colony continues his route, until a casual meeting with a flock of sheep, or drove of half-wild cattle or horses, hurrying down to market, or with the slow and ponderous wool-dray, again cheers his spirits, as it tells of habitable regions still farther in the interior. Again the forest opens, and discovers the 'running fence' of a paddock, leading to a wayside inn, at the erection of which Nature seems to have lent her aid; and, as if to spare the labours of the axe, to have purposely created a gap just spacious enough for its site, beyond which the gum-trees are once more seen, as dense and monotonous as ever. The arrival of a party of travellers at a bush-inn in Australia creates little of that eagerness to 'give satisfaction' and anticipate the strangers' wants, that is to be met with at most decent country-inns in a land of competition. The owner of the house is usually civil, but the tone of his reception is very unlike what we are used to in the mother-country; and, while he sets forth his accommodations for the benefit of his guests, he does so with the air of a man who is thoroughly aware of the fact that between his own house and the nearest in any direction lie not less than perhaps twenty good miles. Upon the whole, when the traveller rides away on the following morning, he has no reason to

Sigh to think he still has found
His warmest welcome at an Inn;

for at many of the settlers' houses, where he gives for his entertainment no other equivalent than his company, his reception will generally be far more cordial."

There is a fearful leaven of vice, extravagance and immorality, in the population of Australia—the result of the seventy years' prevalence of the system of transportation. Drunkenness is the great colonial vice. Hear Mr. Haygarth's experience.—

"At these inns in the interior little else is drunk but raw spirits, for a mixture with water is commonly considered equivalent to spoiling both. It is terrible to see the state to which a man is sometimes reduced who, in a warm climate like that of Australia, has been drinking new and bad liquor for several days, during which he has eaten little or nothing. He suddenly awakes out of a drunken sleep and finds that his money is all gone, and with it his best means of recovery, which, in such cases, is to take smaller quantities of liquor, diminishing them by degrees till he recovers his strength: as he is unable to do this, his nerves are suddenly relaxed, and he is attacked by delirium tremens, the severe penalty of his excesses. At a township on the eastern coast of Australia I saw a most salutary method put into practice for keeping order among a set of these hard drinkers: there was a large empty room at one end of the inn, into which its owner, who was a very powerful man, used to thrust his customers as soon as ever they grew noisy; and thus one might see them 'quitted down' by couples and locked in, until sobriety again dawned upon them. There is no arguing with men confirmed in this habit. I have frequently done so, and cannot boast of ever having made a convert even to the theory of temperance. The conversation on such occasions was pretty much as follows:—'Now, my man, you've worked hard during the last twelve months, and let me recommend you to give up your old practices, and lay by your money.'—'Well, so I would, Sir, if it was a good round sum, but where's the use of hoarding up a few pounds? it's better to be happy' while it lasts.'—'But what will you do when you grow old and can't work, if you go on in this way?'—'Oh! I don't know, Sir; if it comes to the worst I must get some one to knock me on the head.' It was useless to remonstrate with such an arguer; he would sooner die in poverty than deny himself the gratification of 'drinking his wages.'"

This incident is also suggestive.—

"In one of the southern districts a fine soda spring was discovered, and on the strength of this a bush-inn had been erected in its vicinity, its owner speculating on the probability of its bringing him a quick sale of spirits, by admixture of its water with acid and alcohol. In this he was not disappointed, for it soon became a favourite beverage among his customers, until the following characteristic incident

took place. It entered the heads of a party of carousers at the inn that a great deal of time and trouble would be saved by converting the whole well into one large effervescing draught, and for this purpose they collected a great quantity of spirit, sugar, and acid, and having showered them down into the water and stirred it about with a pole, they awaited the mighty result: this, the story goes on to say, proved unsatisfactory; little besides mud came to the top, and the spring never recovered the outrage."

From such a condition the way to the Bush is easy. Of characters known to the mother-country, bushrangers most resemble highway-men. The terror which these malefactors spread through a settlement is well described in the work before us. An account of a visit from a couple of the order will interest the reader.—

"At length, one evening, long after we had grown tired of the rumours of wars, and had discontinued all our preparations for defence, 'Buchan Charley' came in person, accompanied by only one of his party, whom he stationed on the outside, while he himself undertook the head department, and acted as spokesman. Finding that no resistance was likely to be offered, for we were all, as he intended, taken by surprise, he behaved, on the whole, with civility and moderation; for though he took all he wanted, including two of our best saddle-horses, for which he kindly left his own jaded animals in exchange, he committed no wanton damage, and refrained, and also compelled his companion, who was a ruffianly looking Irishman of the lowest grade, to refrain from committing any personal outrage upon any one on the station; and this forbearance has much merit in the case of a desperate man, who had already incurred the heaviest penalty of the law, and therefore cared little about further consequences. He had lately been plundering a store, and was most bravely apparelled, better, in fact, than many of us whom he came to rob. His dress consisted of a new moleskin shooting-coat, a gaudy waistcoat, with a profusion of watch-chain, cord trowsers, and leather leggings; and he wore a 'cabbage-tree' hat, the ribbons of which streamed fantastically over his shoulders. A powder-flask was suspended at his side, two brace of pistols were stuck in his huge belt, and in his hand he carried a short and highly-finished double-barrelled rifle, probably the favourite Manton or Nock of one of our neighbours. He was a tall, lathy-looking man, of about eight-and-twenty, and his countenance had an expression of calm determination, but of assumed recklessness rather than depravity. 'Well,' said the bushranger, as he stalked into our little abode, 'I suppose you all know pretty well who I am, 'Buchan Charley,' as they call me. Now I'm not going to hurt anybody, if you're civil; but we want the money, arms, and horses; and those,' he added emphatically, 'we'll have. A nice place you've got of it here,' said he, with a glance at our book-shelves; 'I could stay where I am all the rest of my life.' This seemed to remind him of the fearful uncertainty of its duration; for he looked grave, and for a minute or two laid aside his effrontery. In fact, all this volubility only betrayed the nervous excitement it was intended to conceal, or perhaps under which he unconsciously acted; for nervous he undoubtedly was, in spite of his assumed coolness. My leather hat-case attracted his notice; he cut asunder the band which fastened the top, evidently not in the spirit of wanton mischief, but because, in his agitation, he did not see the key, which was standing in the lock. His talk was chiefly apologetical, and calculated to regain, as far as possible, our good opinion. He rambled incessantly from one subject to another. The disjointed fragments of his conversation, when put together in a more connected form, gave us in substance the following history.—Ill treatment, he said, had brought him to his present situation. Having worked hard and steadily for several years, he had been paid by an 'order,' for which he could never get the cash, as the house in Sydney, on which it was drawn, had stopped payment, and he had no redress. So, finding that, in his opinion, 'honesty was a fool,' as Iago says, he tried its opposite, which soon brought him to a 'road-party.' There his punishment was extreme. Loaded with irons, working hard upon the sandy roads, be-

neath a burning summer's sun, with a diet of salt beef and 'hominny,' and not even a sufficiency of that, he could endure it no longer, and resolved to escape, or be shot in the attempt. He succeeded in communicating his intentions to a fellow-prisoner, who agreed to join him, and they resolved to 'change it' on the very next opportunity. It was some time before one presented itself, for between soldiers and overseers it was difficult to stir a finger without observation. At length the moment arrived. They had been sent to work on a part of the road at some distance from the stockade, and, as luck would have it for them, the overseer happened to keep the gang at work rather longer than usual, and it was dark ere they returned; so, on passing a 'patch of scrub' on the road-side, they managed to slip into it unseen. Here they lay concealed for several hours, during which they could hear the soldiers from the stockade in pursuit of them; but the night was so dark, and the 'scrub' so thick, that there was little chance of their being discovered. At midnight they ventured to emerge from their hiding-place, and repairing to a blacksmith in the neighbourhood, prevailed on him, partly by threats and partly by entreaties (the man having been himself a convict), to knock off their irons. Thus they were once more fairly at large; but to set them up in their new line both arms and horses must be obtained. From a party of stock-keepers, whom they dismounted, they soon procured the latter; and then galloping up to their station, got possession of their fowling-pieces, and thenceforth were thoroughly equipped. And what sort of a life were they then leading? was it for the better, even after the horrors of the 'iron gang'? No; Charley confessed voluntarily that it was wretched beyond conception, and that, if he could have formed the least idea of what it was to be, he would rather have remained in his fetters. Lurking in caves and fastnesses of the bush, the very silence of which drove him to think—his greatest curse; hunted day and night by the mounted police; prevented from sleeping, or even taking a meal in security, by the knowledge that they were always on his track, with 'his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him,' he was now more like a wild beast than a human being, and the never-ceasing strain upon his mind was, he said, almost insupportable; but it was then too late to retract."

Connected with this visit is an incident and a moral of wider application than the writer assumes.—

"Yet there was courtesy even among bushrangers. About two years before Charley had become what he was, I met him on his way to a station where he had been hired, and had put him upon the right road. This he remembered, and though he was now under what, in a state of civilization, would be called the 'disagreeable necessity' of taking one of my saddle-horses, he promised not to injure him, but to leave him where he might be afterwards recovered, all which he duly performed. Had I, on the above-mentioned occasion, ridden by without noticing him, he would probably have remembered that also, and, instead of leaving my horse in a place of safety, would either have shot him, as he or his gang served many others, or put him in some inaccessible part of the country, where he might not have been found again. We never know, in this fluctuating sea of life, when, or in what manner, a civility may be repaid."

We had marked a few passages on the aborigines for extract, but the exhaustion of our space prevents their being given. We must make room, however, for the following notes.—

"The most interesting objects of the group were the children; viewed at that tender age, ere the wild blood ran strong in their veins, they seemed born for better things than their parents could teach them, and we seldom saw one of them without a wish to reclaim it from the hard and desultory life that was before it, in spite, it must be owned, of all known precedents, which have hitherto fully borne out old Horace's maxim that it is in vain to contend with nature.—

Naturam expelles furca, tamen usque recurret.

In fact there is something in the very constitution of an Australian savage which sets at defiance all attempts at domestication. Unlike a Scotchman, of

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whom, as Johnson has told us, 'much may be made if he be caught young,' he has, up to the present time, been proof against the ameliorating effects of early education. He can be reconciled to a temporary residence with the white man, he may laugh with him, smoke with him, and accompany him willingly on his excursions; but his stay can never be considered permanent, for even in this half-civilized state he will not long be contented. Suddenly a reaction takes place, and the settler who, on the previous evening, had left his black protégé comfortably sleeping in an adjacent 'gunyio,' or camp, with his two sheets of bark above his head, and a sparkling log-fire at his feet, awakes in the morning and finds him gone. The fugitive was perhaps to have accompanied him the very next day on some preconcerted expedition which had been discussed the last thing over night, but in the morning he is gone, whither no one can tell: ere the first signs of life appeared, even among the early risers on a stock-station, he has gathered up his spears, his boomerangs, and his possum cloak, and plunged into the boundless forest, whence he will some day re-appear as suddenly, again to take a peep at the white man's home, and again to return to the superior attractions of absolute freedom."

This propensity, common to most animals in a state of nature, may be overcome in time: and the accounts which Mr. Haygarth gives of the mental powers of these savages warrant an attempt being made to educate them gradually, and if possible to assimilate them to civilized society. Hitherto civilization has carried nothing but misfortunes and annihilation to inferior races: it is time that the white man should begin to discharge the duties, as well as exercise the supposed rights, which are the incidents of his mental and physical superiority.

Partnership "En Commandite;" or, Partnership with Limited Liabilities. Wilson.

Partnership "en commandite," it may be needful to inform many of our readers, is a device in some of the commercial codes of the continent for facilitating the introduction of capital into industrial undertakings. As the English lawyers regard the subject of partnership, it represents an engagement between two or more persons whereby the entire fortune of each and of all becomes liable for the due fulfilment of every contract entered into by the firm. This is partnership with unlimited liability, and the only species of partnership—except in the case of companies empowered by a special Act of Parliament or holding Letters Patent—of which we have any knowledge in this country. The French code recognizes a system by which a firm can be carried on partly by men whose responsibility is absolute and entire and partly by men whose responsibility is confined to the contribution which they have actually paid towards the joint capital of the concern. In a poor country there can be no question that an institution of this kind is exceedingly useful. It promotes the effectiveness of the comparatively small resources really in existence,—and it introduces into commerce as partners "en commandite" an active and influential class of persons who under a less considerate legislation would fall, with few exceptions, into the economical category of "unproductive." It is quite certain that the present race of Englishmen require no legal bonus to impel them into active industrial pursuits; and it is also quite certain that the evils of England are not evils which spring from a want of capital. So far, the circumstances of these islands and the circumstances of the continent are different as regards the fundamental reasons either for or against the introduction of this, to us, novel rule of mercantile jurisprudence. There are also considerations connected with the habits and maxims of business which have grown up under the present state of things, and which could

not be thoroughly inoculated with so material an alteration without considerable inconvenience and some hazard. On the whole, however, we incline to the opinion that limited liability, as between certain partners of a firm and the public, might be introduced with safety and benefit into English practice. We find the chief reason for this conclusion in the belief that such a change in the law would do something, however little, towards extending the field for the profitable employment of the surplus funds of the thrifty and the industrious among the lower ranks of the middle and the higher ranks of the working classes,—that it would give the active and the intelligent among these classes a better opportunity of competence and success by removing many of the present obstacles to the association of dormant capital with working skill. One of the most urgent necessities of our commercial legislation is the thorough reform and consolidation of the law of partnership, especially in those most important sections of it which relate to extensive joint-stock societies. Whenever this great and useful task shall be undertaken, we conceive that it will be an unfortunate omission if the "en commandite" principle be not included and incorporated in the revised scheme of jurisprudence.

So far as the present publication promotes this end, it will be useful; but we have rarely met with a book which corresponds so imperfectly with its title-page. Proceeding upon the ordinary supposition that the name of a book ought to be some reasonable guide as to its contents, we naturally expected to find in this handsome looking octavo, an exposition, proceeding upon specific examples, of the practical working of the law abroad,—and of the best and shortest methods of assimilating it to our own statutes and decisions. In reality, the only portion of the work which *specifically* treats of the law of partnership is the 23 pages of the appendix. The bulk of the volume is occupied with a discursive disquisition on a variety of topics: American trade—resources of Ireland—the cause of panics—and so on. The writer appears to have satisfied his own mind that the great element to be regarded in all such inquiries, is the existence or non-existence, then and there, of the law of limited liability. This seems to him to be the great test,—the universal solvent of all dilemmas. The idea is ingenious,—and so far as we know, original; but as remote from the truth as to contend that the wealth of Lancashire has grown out of the establishment of the Board of Trade,—or that the size of London is to be attributed to the Act of Habeas Corpus. There is to be sure some connexion between these very different things; but it will be a new era in philosophy when the relation of cause and effect is supposed to exist between incidents and consequences so utterly dissimilar and disproportionate. In spite, however, of this amusing defect, the volume is not without merit. It is agreeably written; and certainly contains facts and details relative to various branches of trade which are not to be met with in writers of more method and higher pretensions.

The Romance of the Peerage; or, Curiosities of Family History. By George Lillie Craik. Vol. I. Chapman & Hall.

WE think, with Mr. Craik, that the conception of some such work as 'The Romance of the Peerage' may probably have occurred to many persons. It is difficult to read a descent in Collins, or even in an inferior Peerage compiler, without thinking of Mr. Craik's subject. The ground, nevertheless, has been unoccupied; for the stories of Amy Robsart and Arabella

Seymour are only episodes in a family history, fancifully set,—whereas Mr. Craik deals with the history of a whole family, and pursues the subject into its varied ramifications. He cares for facts, and for facts only. There is nothing in his book to mislead the youthful student—no splendid fiction—no wish to confound time or place or person. We have a painstaking narrative, compiled from known materials and from the results of original, and at times successful, research. The student of English history will rise from the perusal of Mr. Craik's first volume (all that is yet published) pleased with the care exhibited, the quiet sifting of facts and circumstances to be observed at every turn, and the new materials which the author's industry has brought to light.

'Lettice Knollys,' the heroine of Mr. Craik's first volume, was in every way a remarkable woman. Her mother was Queen Elizabeth's first cousin,—and she herself was more nearly related to the Queen than the actual successor to the crown. Her father filled the office of Treasurer of the Household to Queen Elizabeth, and her brother was the first and last Viscount Wallingford and Earl of Banbury, whose town house in the Tilt Yard at Whitehall is the Wallingford House of English history, and whose descendants have occasioned one of the most remarkable peerage cases in the annals of domestic history. Her first husband was Walter Devereux, first Earl of Essex of the Devereux family—her second the magnificent Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester—and her third Sir Christopher Blount, Lord Leicester's Gentleman of the Horse. Her son was Queen Elizabeth's favourite Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex; and her daughter was Penelope Devereux, the Stella of Sir Philip Sydney's 'Astrophel and Stella,' the divorced wife of Lord Rich, the mother of Rich, Earl of Warwick, and Rich, Earl of Holland,—and ultimately wife to the wise and brave Charles Mountjoy, Earl of Devonshire. Her first husband was poisoned by her second, her second husband was poisoned by herself, and her third was beheaded with her son, the second Earl of Essex. She lived to the great age of ninety-four,—recollected the deaths of Henry VIII., Edward VI., and Queen Mary,—flourished during the reign of Queen Elizabeth,—lived through the reign of James I.,—survived into the reign of Charles I.,—and dying in 1634, five years after the assassination of the Duke of Buckingham, was buried in the Beauchamp Chapel at Warwick, by the side of her second husband, Dudley, Earl of Leicester; where her effigy is still to be seen; and where her grave is marked by a copy of verses on a painted board, the production of Gervase Clifton—which board is known to English antiquaries as the only remaining memorial of a custom that occasioned Ben Jonson's beautiful verses on the Countess of Pembroke.

The newest and most curious matter in Mr. Craik's volume is the letters that passed between Lord Robert Dudley and his agent at Cumnor on the subject of the sudden death of Lady Robert Dudley, better known as Amy Robsart. There are five of these letters,—three from Dudley and two from his agent Blount. They are of the highest importance; and it will be seen that the conversation which actually occurred between Blount and mine host at Abingdon is quite in the style of Sir Walter Scott—so thoroughly did that great master throw himself into times past.—

1. *Lord Robert Dudley to T. Blount.*

"Cousin Blount, Immediately upon your departing from me, there came to me Bowes, by whom I do understand that my wife is dead, and, as he saith, by a fall from a pair of stairs. Little other understanding can I have of him. The greatness and the

suddenness of the misfortune doth so perplex me, until I do hear from you how the matter standeth, or how this evil should light upon me, considering what the malicious world will bruit, as I can take no rest. And, because I have no way to purge myself of the malicious talk that I know the wicked world will use, but one, which is the very plain truth to be known, I do pray you, as you have loved me, and do tender me and my quietness, and as now my special trust is in you, that [you] will use all the devices and means you can possible for the learning of the troth; wherein have no respect to any living person. And, as by your own travail and diligence, so likewise by order of law; I mean by calling of the Coroner, and charging him to the uttermost from me to have good regard to make choice of no light or slight persons, but the discreetest and [most] substantial men, for the juries, such as for their knowledge may be able to search thoroughly and duly, by all manner of examinations, the bottom of the matter, and for their uprightness will earnestly and sincerely deal therein without respect; and that the body be viewed and searched accordingly by them; and in every respect to proceed by order and law. In the mean time, Cousin Blount, let me be advertised from you by this bearer with all speed how the matter doth stand. For, as the cause and the manner thereof doth marvellously trouble me, considering my case, many ways, so shall I not be at rest till I may be ascertained thereof; praying you, even as my trust is in you, and as I have ever loved you, do not dissemble with me, neither let anything be hid from me, but send me your true conceit and opinion of the matter whether it happened by evil chance or by villany. And fail not to let me hear continually from you. And thus fare you well, in much haste; from Windsor, this ixth of September in the evening. Your loving friend and kinsman, much perplexed, R. D.

"I have sent for my brother Appleyard, because he is her brother, and other of her friends also to be there, that they may be privy and see how all things do proceed."

2. T. Blount to Lord Robert Dudley.

"May it please your Lordship to understand that I have received your letter by Bristol, the contents whereof I do well perceive; and that your Lordship was advertised by Bowes upon my departing that my Lady was dead; and also your strait charge given unto me that I should use all the devices and policies that I can for the true understanding of the matter, as well by mine own travail as by the order of law, as in calling the Coroner, giving him charge that he choose a discreet and substantial jury for the view of the body, and that no corruption should be used or person respected. Your Lordship's great reasons, that maketh you so earnestly search to learn the troth, the same, with your earnest commandment, doth make me to do my best therein. The present advertisement I can give to your Lordship at this time is, too true it is that my Lady is dead, and, as it seemeth, with a fall; but yet how or which way I cannot learn. Your Lordship shall hear the manner of my proceeding since I cam from you. The same night I cam from Windsor I lay at Abingdon all that night; and, because I was desirous to hear what news went abroad in the country, at my supper I called for mine host, and asked him what news was thereabout, taking upon me I was going into Gloucestershire. He said, there was fallen a great misfortune within three or four miles of the town; he said, my Lord Robert Dudley's wife was dead; and I axed how; and he said, by a misfortune, as he heard, by a fall from a pair of stairs. I asked him by what chance; he said, he knew not. I axed him what was his judgment, and the judgment of the people; he said, some were disposed to say well and some evil. What is your judgment? said I. By my troth, said he, I judge it a misfortune, because it chanced in that honest gentleman's house; his great honesty, said he, doth much curb the evil thoughts of the people. My thinks, said I, that some of her people that waited upon her should somewhat say to this. No, Sir, said he, but little; for it was said that they were all here at the fair, and none left with her. How might that chance? said I. Then said he, It is said how that she rose that day very early, and commanded all her sort to go [to] the fair, and would suffer none to tarry at home; and thereof is much judged. And truly, my Lord, I did

first learn of Bowes, as I met with him coming towards your Lordship, of his own being that day, and of all the rest of their being, who affirmed that she would not that day suffer one of her own sort to tarry at home, and was so earnest to have them gone to the fair, that with any of her own sort that made reason of tarrying at home she was very angry, and cam to Mrs. Odinstells (?), the widow that liveth with Anthony Forster, who refused that day to go to the fair, and was very angry with her also, because she said it was no day for gentlewomen to go in, but said the morrow was much better, and then she would go. Whereunto my Lady answered and said that she might choose and go at her pleasure, but all hers should go; and was very angry. They asked who should keep her company if all they went. She said Mrs. Owen should keep her company at dinner. The same tale doth Pirtio (?), who doth dearly love her, confirm. Certainly, my Lord, as little while as I have been here, I have heard divers tales of her that maketh me judge her to be a strange woman of mind. In asking of Pirtio what she might think of this matter, either chance or villany, she said, by her faith she doth judge very chance, and neither done by man nor by herself. For herself, she said, she was a good virtuous gentlewoman, and daily would pray upon her knees; and divers times she saith that she hath heard her pray to God to deliver her from desperation. Then, said I, she might have an evil toy (?), in her mind. No, good Mr. Blount, said Pirtio, do not judge so of my words; if you should so gather, I am sorry I said so much. My Lord, it is most strange that this change should fall upon you. It passeth the judgment of any man to say how it is; but truly the tales I do hear of her maketh me to think she had a strange mind in her; as I will tell you at my coming. But to the inquest you would have so very circumspectly chosen by the Coroner for the understanding of the troth, your Lordship needeth not to doubt of their well choosing. Before my coming the most were chosen, and part of them at the house. If I be able to judge of men and of their ableness, I judge them, and specially some of them, to be as wise and as able men to be chosen upon such a matter as any men, being but country men, as ever I saw, and as well able to answer to their doing before whosoever they shall be called. And for their true search, without respect of person, I have done your message unto them. I have good hope they will conceal no fault, if any be; for, as they are wise, so are they, as I hear, part of them, very enemies to Anthony Forster. God give them, with their wisdom, indifference, and then be they well chosen men. More advertisement, at this time, I cannot give your Lordship; but as I can learn so will I advertise, wishing your Lordship to put away sorrow, and rejoice, whatsoever fall out, of your own innocency; by the which, in time, doubt not but that malicious reports shall turn upon their backs that can be glad to wish or say against you. And thus I humbly take my leave; from Conner, the xth of September. Your Lordship's life and loving, T. B.

"Your Lordship hath done very well in sending for Mr. Appleyard."

3. Lord Robert Dudley to T. Blount.

"Cousin Blount, Until I hear from you again how the matter falleth out in very troth, I cannot be in quiet; and yet you do well satisfy me with the discreet jury you say are chosen already; unto whom I pray you say from me, that I require them, as ever I shall think good of them, that they will, according to their duties, earnestly, carefully, and truly deal in this matter, and find it as they shall see it fall out; and, if it fall out a chance or misfortune, then so to say; and, if it appear a villany (as God forbid so mischievous and wicked a body should live), then to find it so. And, God willing, I have never fear [of] the due prosecution accordingly, what person soever it may appear any way to touch; as well for the just punishment of the act as for mine own true justification; for, as I would be sorry in my heart any such evil should be committed, so shall it well appear to the world my innocency by my dealing in the matter, if it shall so fall out. And therefore, Cousin Blount, I seek chiefly troth in this case, which I pray you still to have regard unto, without any favour to be showed either one way or other. When you have done my message to them, I require you not to stay

to search thoroughly yourself all ways that I may be satisfied. And that with such convenient speed as you may. Thus fare you well, in haste; at Ken, this xiith day of September. Yours assured, R.D."

4. T. Blount to Lord Robert Dudley.

"I have done your Lordship's message unto the jury. You need not to bid them to be careful: whether equity to the cause or malice to Forster do forbid (?), I know not, they take great pains to learn the troth. To morrow I will wait upon your Lordship; and, as I come, I will break my fast at Abingdon; and there I shall meet with one or two of the jury, and what I can I will bring. They be very secret; and yet do I hear a whispering that they can find no presumptions of evil. And, if I may say to your Lordship my conscience, I think some of them be sorry for it, God forgive me. And, if I judge aright, mine own opinion is much quieted; the more I search of it, the more free it doth appear unto me. I have almost nothing that can make me so much to think that any man should be the doer thereof as, when I think your Lordship's wife before all other women should have such a chance, the circumstances and as many things as I can learn doth persuade me that only misfortune hath done it, and nothing else. Myself will wait upon your Lordship to-morrow, and say what I know. In the mean time I humbly take leave; from Conner, the xiiith of September. Your Lordship's life and loving [?], T. B."

5. Lord Robert Dudley to T. Blount.

"I have received a letter from one Smith, one that seemeth to be foreman of the jury. I perceive by his letters that he and the rest have and do travail very diligently and circumspectly for the trial of the matter which they have charge of, and, for anything that he or they by any search or examination can make in the world hitherto, it doth plainly appear, he saith, a very misfortune; which, for mine own part, Cousin Blount, doth much satisfy and quiet me. Nevertheless, because of my thorough quietness, and all other's hereafter, my desire is that they may continue in their inquiry and examination to the uttermost, as long as they lawfully may; yea, and when these have given their verdict, though it be never so plainly found, assuredly I do wish that another substantial company of honest men might try again for the more knowledge of troth. I have also requested to Sir Richard Blount, who is a perfect honest gentleman, to help to the furtherance thereof. I trust he be with you, and Mr. Norris likewise. Appleyard, I hear, hath been there, as I appointed, and Arthur Robbert, her brothers. If any more of her friends had been to be had, I would also have caused them to have seen and been privy to all the dealing there. Well, Cousin, God's will be done; and I wish he had made me the poorest worm that creepeth on the ground, so this mischance had not happened to me. But, good Cousin, according to my trust have care above all things, that there be plain, sincere, and direct dealing for the full trial of this matter. Touching Smith and the rest, I mean no more to deal with them, but let them proceed in the name of God accordingly; and I am right glad they be all strangers to me. Thus fare you well, in much haste; from Windsor. Your loving friend and kinsman, R. D."

Mr. Craik transcribed these five very interesting letters from contemporary copies preserved in the Pepysian Library at Cambridge. Dudley's affection for his wife was, as appears from his own letters, of the very coldest description. He expresses no regret,—but is only anxious to stand well with the world and not to be suspected.

Another curious discovery made by Mr. Craik is Mountjoy's defence of his marriage with Lady Rich, and the 'Epistle' which accompanied the defence when submitted to King James. From the 'Epistle' it appears that Penelope Devereux was married to Lord Rich against her own will—that she protested against the marriage at the time when it took place—that he used her ill, tried "to deceive her of dowry," and after the death of her brother the Earl of Essex "put her to a stipend and abandoned her without pretence of any cause but his own desire to live

without her." These are new points in the history of Lady Rich and her two husbands. Her end is unknown.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

A Stumble on the Threshold: a Story of the Day. By Mary Molesworth.—The first step, in fiction at all events, is of great consequence to the neophyte; neither can much help be administered to him or her. It was an old superstition that a witch could not enter a Christian house unless she were dragged across the threshold; but this hardly holds good with regard to novel-writing sorceresses,—since they must make their own way in for themselves and pierce the crowd with a firm and steady step, or no critical (not to say Christian) man, woman or child can secure them a settlement. Therefore Miss (or Mistress) Mary Molesworth may not dislike to be told that by way of crossing the threshold she has made a very fair *premier pas*. The "stumble" narrated is a challenge, which leads to a court-martial and the expulsion from his regiment of a high-spirited officer of noble family. But the real bar to Aspramont's restoration to society does not lie in his one error, nor even in his almost womanish sensitiveness of subsequent remorse, so much as in the unnatural callousness and cruelty of his own family,—who envy the hero's superior qualifications for success and popularity, and therefore torment him incessantly by allusions to his disgrace. Here is nothing particularly artful or surprising, by way of invention; but it is wrought out with considerable feeling and an amount of trust in the author's own creation justifying us in crediting the lady with powers to please and to persuade. Women have been pioneers in more than one branch of English fiction: and never more than at the current moment was the opening of a new vein desirable. The *penetralia* where the statue of Fame standeth (we beg to call attention to the particularly novel figure of our encouragement) are hardly now to be reached by any of the ancient and familiar ways. Will the new-comer lay this matter to heart?

Hand-Book of Bengal Missions, in Connexion with the Church of England; together with an Account of General Educational Efforts in North India. By the Rev. J. Long.—The wide field of observation implied in this volume has been thoroughly gleaned for the purpose of making it a work of reference for educational and missionary societies. It is impossible to follow the compiler,—for whose diligence, however, we feel great respect. Some of the incidental matter is eminently interesting,—but it cannot be dissociated from the religious record. In the Appendix, we find specimens of the first English poems by a native of Bengal—Babu Kasi Prasad Ghose. We subjoin the following:—

Song of the Boatmen to Ganga.

Gold river! gold river! how gallantly now
Our bark on thy bright breast is lifting her prow;
In the pride of her beauty how swiftly she flies,
Like a white-winged spirit through topaz-paved skies.

Gold river! gold river! thy bosom is calm,
And o'er thee the breezes are shedding their balm;
And nature beholds her fair features portrayed
In the glass of thy bosom—serenely displayed.

Gold river! gold river! the sun to thy waves
Is fleeing, to rest in thy cool coral caves;
And thence, with his tiar of light, in the morn,
He will rise, and the skies with his glory adorn.

Gold river! gold river! how bright is the beam
That lightens and crimson thy soft-flowing stream;
Whose waters beneath make a musical clashing,
Whose waves, as they burst, in their brightness are flashing.

Gold river! gold river! the moon will soon grace
The hall of the stars with her light-shedding face;
The wandering planets will over thee throng,
And seraphs will waken their music and song.

Gold river! gold river! our brief course is done,
And safe in the city our home we have won;
And as to the bright sun now dropped from our view,
So, Ganga! we bid thee a cheerful adieu!

There is also an autobiography of the author,—who was educated as a free scholar in the Hindú College, and showed a taste for poetry from his earliest boyhood. He has composed songs in Bengali;—but most of his verse is in English.

Political Aphorisms: Moral and Philosophical Thoughts of the Emperor Napoleon. By Comte A. G. de Lacour. Edited by J. A. Manning.—These aphorisms, here given in French and in English,

have been collected from the different biographies and conversations of Bonaparte, and make a goodly *ensemble* of maxims, by which—"various, not to say contrarious," as they frequently are—the inner life of the man may be, nevertheless, appreciated. Detached from their context, they doubtless have a more abstract force than when modified by their antecedents and consequents; but this may be considered, we think, an advantage,—since its natural tendency is to enlarge their application, and compel us to estimate their value as universal principles. They, manifestly, regard humanity and society from that elevated point of view to which the speaker had attained, and derive an impartiality from his peculiar position. Nevertheless, they are frequently characterized by the prejudices which were almost inseparable from his marvellous fate and fortunes. The last maxim in the collection—"There is no power without justice,"—reads, in its place as the last, like the grand summing up of a final review of such a life as Napoleon's, and the enunciation on a death-bed of a truth discovered too late.

Anecdotes of the Electric Telegraph.—This little volume is one of a publication called 'The London Anecdotes'; and contains some account of the *Electric Telegraph*, and of the applications of its power, in the order of their development. The possible uses to which this instrument is applicable,—such as the musical and acoustic—are, as our readers know, curious. The chimes may be rung together in London and at York,—and two organs or two apolloniens played at any distance by one performer, at one moment. Gossip between parties at the extreme ends of the kingdom is as easy as over a neighbour's wall. Many of the anecdotes are very entertaining.

Electrical Condition applied to Facts connected with Heat, Crystallization, Meteorology, &c. By Franklin Coxworthy.—Adopting several hypotheses for which there is no supporting evidence, the author of this pamphlet reasons with a show of truth. He is one—there are many such—who learning that electricity plays an important part in creation, at once refers every natural phenomenon which does not readily admit of explanation to electricity. Confounding effects and causes in a most remarkable manner, with a mind seemingly unfitted for the reception of any experimental evidence which does not support his own views, he at once settles the great question—electricity is everything. There is no need of further inquiry—the experimental philosopher's "occupation's gone."

A Familiar Introduction to the Study of Polarized Light, &c. By Charles Woodward, F.R.S.—There are few books which fall under our notice embracing any point of physical inquiry, to which the general objection of a want of clearness does not apply. Authors of scientific works appear to feel that they may sacrifice their dignity by being too lucid—or, they assume that the general reader has a previous amount of knowledge which will enable him to take up the latter end of the story without any difficulty. Two greater mistakes cannot be committed; and to these errors may be attributed the want of popularity which so remarkably attaches to scientific literature. The little 'Introduction' before us is a pleasing exception. It renders "familiar" one of the most involved branches of physical optics: and, although we cannot, with the author, adopt entirely the undulatory theory of light in explanation of all the phenomena of luminous radiation, yet we feel it a duty to recommend this treatise on the Polarization of Light as the most simple and satisfactory that can be taken up by a young experimentalist.

Treatise on the Falsifications of Food, and the Chemical Means employed to detect them. By John Mitchell.—Thirty years have elapsed since Mr. Accum endeavoured to convince the world that death lurked in every pot—that poison was to be detected in almost every portion of human food. To eat the fruit from the tree and drink the water from the spring was then the only chance poor civilized bipeds had of escaping from the sad consequences of adulterated food. Mr. Mitchell now seeks to persuade us that with the advance of chemical knowledge we have to endure as best we may still heavier evils in the shape of poisons in our ordinary daily meat and drink. Here is a list: "water, flour, bread, milk, cream, beer, cider, wines, spirituous liquors, coffee, tea, chocolate, sugar, honey, lozenges, cheese, vinegar,

pickles, anchovy sauce and paste, catsup, olive (salad oil), pepper, mustard,"—all ministering by their "falsifications" to disease. Every utensil that we are likely to employ is dangerous, according to the same authority—and whether we use a copper pan, a tin pot, or a glazed earthenware pipkin in our culinary operations, we take poisons from them all. That a very shameful amount of adulteration is practised cannot, unfortunately, be denied; but when a man sits down to write a book, he feels himself committed to make a case—and the result is, as in the one before us, considerable exaggeration. After carefully examining the "Falsification" we find that many of the adulterations given are not practised in England. The author has made particularly free with German and French authorities; and many well-known practices common amongst us are not noticed. We will instance one. The article salad oil is stated by Mr. Mitchell to be adulterated with nut and poppy oil. These are rather too expensive for the fraudulent dealer; the fact is, that immense quantities of "lard oil" are imported from America, nearly the whole of which is employed to mix with olive oil. To so great an extent has this been carried, that not long since the Jewish Rabbis throughout the kingdom were requested to cause an examination to be made of the oil employed by their people for culinary purposes, lest they should be consuming the production of an unclean animal. Mr. Accum's book did no good. People wondered that they were alive—and laughed. Mr. Mitchell's book will share a similar fate—and people will laugh heartily over their poisoned broth.

The Practical Sugar Planter; a complete Account of the Cultivation and Manufacture of the Sugar-cane according to the latest and most improved Processes. By Leonard Wray, Esq.—The very title of this work testifies that its interest must necessarily be of a limited nature, as it addresses itself exclusively to the sugar-cane planters in the East and West Indies. The author is well qualified to write on the subject, having had the advantage of sixteen years' experience as a practical planter in Jamaica, Bengal, and the Straits settlements, and it has been his especial object to introduce such improvements in the culture of the cane and manufacture of the sugar as a long series of experiments demonstrated to be judicious. The book opens with an account of the various descriptions and qualities of the sugar-cane, and the influence of soil, climate, and seasons upon it: the modes of cultivation, manuring, &c., are then described; and, finally, the different processes relating to the manufacture of sugar and the distillation of rum are detailed at considerable length. Mr. Wray strongly advocates the employment of steam machinery in all possible cases,—and states that ploughing by means of this power obtains to a great extent in the Demerara plantations. These are usually about four or five hundred yards in breadth, and from three to five miles in length, with a canal running up the centre; the engine is fitted into a boat traversing the canal, and sets the plough in motion by means of an endless chain or rope, attached to a wheel placed in another boat. Mr. Wray conceives that the sugar estates would be greatly improved by being intersected by railways,—which, he maintains, with locomotives of six-horse power, would transport all the manure, canes, &c., at much less expense than oxen now cost.

An Elementary Treatise on Crystallography. By Prof. M. V. Regnault.—Nearly all the books in the English language on crystallography are rendered so exceedingly difficult by the introduction of complicated measurements of angles, &c., that we are pleased to see this translation of Prof. Regnault's treatise; which as an elementary book free from this objection is well adapted for the use of those who, though desiring to possess some knowledge of the forms of crystalline bodies, have not the leisure or inclination to enter deeply into the study of any system of crystallography.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Alban's (E.) High Pressure Steam Engine, trans. by W. Pole, 16s. 6d.
Akerman's (J. Y.) Ancient and Modern Coins, 1c. 8vo. 5s. 6d. cl.
Albion's (A.) Companion to How to Speak French, 18mo. 2s. cl.
Annual Register, Vol. LXXXIX. for 1847, 8vo. 16s. bds.
Baxter's (H.) Saint's Rest, by T. Erskine, 8th edition, 18mo. 4s. cl.
Boyer's (J. F.) English Repetitions in Prose and Verse, 12mo. 4s. cl.
Closing Scenes (The), by Author of 'The Bishop's Daughter,' &c., 6s.
Cochran's (J.) Discourses on Peculiar Texts of Scripture, 3s. 6d. cl.
Collings's (J. K.) Gothic Ornaments, Part IV. 4to. 10s. awd.
Croll (A. A.) On the Domestic Uses of Gas, 12mo. 3d. awd.
Dring's (Mary) Child's Poetical Naturalist, 18mo. 2s. 6d. cl.
Elizir of Beauty, 22mo. 1s. awd.

Francis's (G.) *Favourite of the Flower Garden*, 2nd edition, 12mo. 6s. Gatty's (Rev. A.) *Sermons*, Second Series, 12mo. 5s. Glendinning, or the Seven Churches, by an ex-Moderator, 3s. 6d. cl. Hand-Book to all Places of Public Worship in London, 12mo. 1s. Hiley's (R.) *Progressive Geography*, 2nd edition, 12mo. 2s. cl. History in all Ages, 10th edition, 8s. 7s. cl. Hook's (Rev. W. F.) *Meditations for the Year*, 2 vols. 32mo. 5s. cl. Hunter's (Rev. J.) *Text-Book of English Grammar*, 12mo. 6d. cl. Jesus Christ, Life of, by A. Neander, from the German, 18mo. 12s. Marriott's (Rev. C.) *Hints on Private Devotion*, 12mo. 2s. 6d. cl. McCulloch's (T.) *Calvinism the Doctrine of the Scriptures*, 3s. 6d. cl. Merry's (W.) *Philosophy of a Happy Future*, 4th edition, 8s. 5s. 2s. Mirabeau's *Life History*, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. cl. Oakley's (F.) *Order and Ceremonial of the Mass*, royal 21mo. 2s. 6d. Rotherford's *Letters by the Rev. J. Anderson and A. A. Bonar*, 9s. 6d. Sandby's (G.) *Memoriam and its Opponents*, 2nd ed. 32mo. 2s. cl. Sketches of Her Majesty's Household, People's Ed. 2s. 6d. cl. 4vols. Spence's (Rev. N.) *Manual of Private Devotion*, 10th ed. 2s. 6d. cl. Stephen's *Commentaries on the Laws of England*, 2nd ed. 4 vols. 81s. Stevenson's (A.) *Sherborne Lighthouse*, royal 4to. 3s. 6d. cl. Stoddard's (G. H.) *Nov Delectus*, 2nd edition, enlarged, 12mo. 4s. 6d. *Thoughts in Past Years*, by the Author of 'The Cathedral,' 4s. 6d. cl. Tracts for Englishmen, by the Author of 'Dr. Hookwell,' 12mo. 3s. 6d. Wells's *History of the Royal Society*, 2 vols. demy 8vo. 30s. cl. Wilson's *Memorials of Edinburgh*, 2 vols. 4to. 42s.; royal 4to. 72s. 6d.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF BISHOP PERCY.

By the favour of our correspondent I. H. we are enabled this week to print for the first time three additional letters from the Bishop of Dromore to George Stevens, on literary subjects,—and possessing, like that we published a week or two since, much more interest than any portion of the correspondence recently given to the world by Mr. J. B. Nichols, in his seventh volume of 'Illustrations,' &c. The first, which we now insert, is the latest in point of date,—but we make it precede the others because it refers to the main subject of the communication of the Bishop, which we have already printed,—viz., the edition of Goldsmith's 'Miscellaneous Works,' four vols. 8vo., 1801. It is a letter of a copy of which Mr. J. B. Nichols would have been especially glad,—because it drew forth the humorous reply of Stevens which Mr. J. B. Nichols has in his own possession,—and which, standing alone in his volume, is on some points hardly intelligible. The Bishop's letter is as follows:—

Near Northampton, 11th Sept. 1797.
Dear Sir,—Since I received your very obliging favour, I have seen in the papers the afflicting account of the death of our dear friend Dr. Farmer. Though your letters for some time past had prepared me for this melancholy event, now it hath taken place I feel it most severely. I had begun a letter of thanks to you yesterday, but I afterwards threw it by and could not finish it. And yet, my dear sir, I must now trouble you on another subject; to which your kind compliance with my former requests on the subject of Goldsmith's works hath tempted me. Your readiness to oblige subjects you to this inconvenience. When I copied the exordium and conclusion of the epilogue in my former letter, I did not observe that by an indorsement it appears to have been intended for Mrs. Bulkeley. I wish by some means she could be asked if she remembers for what play it was written. It may, possibly, after all not have been composed by Goldsmith himself, for it is not in his own handwriting (as another unpublished epilogue is in my possession) and was given me by him among a parcel of letters and writings not all of his own composition, without much inquiry from me at the time or explanation from him,—and it would be awkward if, after the epilogue hath been added to his works, it should be claimed by another. And yet, I think, he would scarce have adopted four lines from it if it had not been his own. I wish Mrs. Bulkeley could be interrogated about it (yet it should be mentioned with caution): and I presume the beginning and end, which you have in your former letter, is sufficient for that purpose without transcribing the whole. Utterly unconnected as I am with the theatre and their inhabitants, I know not any friends to whom I can apply but yourself to assist me in procuring the desired intelligence; and it is purely for the charitable purpose of serving Dr. Goldsmith's poor relations that I interest myself about this subject. I hope you will herein excuse, dear sir, your obliged and faithful servant,
THO. DROMORE.

P.S. Pray can it be guessed who is the author of the 'Parables of Laticrat' who in his first part gives such a compliment to my 'Warkworthian Hermit,' &c. &c.?
George Stevens, Esq., Hampstead Heath, London.

At the date of the above letter Mrs. Bulkeley had been dead some years. She never played in London after the Haymarket season of 1789,—but she continued to act at Edinburgh until 1792, where and when she died. As Stevens states, in his answer to the above letter, her character was by no means immaculate; and it was an odd errand, he adds, for the Bishop of Dromore to send him [Stevens] to the shades to make inquiries of and concerning such a lady and of and concerning the authorship of the prologue. Her maiden name, if the fact is worth mentioning, was Wilford; under which name she acted in London from 1764 to 1768,—when she took the name of Bulkeley. She did not become Mrs. Barreford until 1788; and from that time to her death she was so called in the play-bills.

The next two letters we place in the order of their dates. They advert principally to the subject

of the volume of blank verse anterior to the time of Milton, which the Bishop, with the assistance of Dr. (then Mr.) Meen and others, was preparing for the press. That work was printed by the father of Mr. J. B. Nichols, preceded by a reprint of 'Tottell's Miscellany,' 8vo. 1557; but a fire in his office unfortunately consumed nearly every copy,—so that at most only four perfect ones are extant. In 1796 and 1797 the Bishop of Dromore was employed in collecting his materials; and Mr. J. B. Nichols's 'Illustrations' show what important services in this respect were rendered to him by Stevens. The earlier part of the ensuing letter refers to Ritson; and what is said about 'the Luzerne,' near the end, relates to the beast of old called a luzerne (the lynx, or ounce), upon which a Moor was mounted when he spoke a blank-verse speech in Peele's pageant on the mayoralty of Sir Wolston Dixy in 1585.—

Dublin, August 24, 1796.

Dear Sir,—Your most acceptable presents, with your very pleasant letter and a well depicted portrait of the luzerne, overtook me here just landed from Park Gate, after a long detention there for a favourable wind and a very tedious passage at sea, by the way of the Channel. I am, however, now in the holiness the Pope you could not be more strongly disposed to accuse me of nepotism than you still persist to do: of which enormous crime, if I were ever so guilty, I have no scarlet taint to distribute among the candidates; and the utmost attainment that they could expect from our Iberian Vatican, whether a cap and bells or a sprig of laurel, would hardly shew the poor personage in the stink-pots of good Marfiorio R.—(excuse me if I have misapplied the Italian term). As for the other gentleman whom you mention, I have not seen him these three years—never once when I was last in England: and I believe you will find him but once mentioned in the *Relique*,—and there to acknowledge a very interesting communication. And yet amidst all these defensive charges (which I detect from any quarter) I do not remember any of those candid attacks on moral character which the other hero so happily introduces among his petty cavils concerning points and syllables. If you have seen our dear, good Mr. Meen he has probably informed you that his friend, the true and authentic nephew (il vero polcinello), is here with me, and being much recovered in his health is to have the running of all my household affairs well lumber, which have been neglected and forgot ever since I have quitted the happy shades of Northamptonshire, in 1765, for the bustle and solemnity of public life. Whatever he shall think fit for publication or to be dragged forth to light shall be at his disposal; and if he should again engage in the work of editing, he will very gratefully acknowledge any kind assistance, which you shall be disposed to give him, as he does very sincerely your drawing of the luzerne, which he says shall expiate all past attacks on his identity and nepotical individuality. Can you furnish him with any additions to his present series of poems in blank verse (not dramatic) prior to Milton's, which are Lord Surrey's two books of Virgil, —Nl. Grinold,—Turberville's Ovid's Epistles,—Gascoigne's Steel Glass,—Geo. Peele's Pageant of the Luzerne,—Marlowe's first book of Lucie—G. C. (supposed Chapman's) Poem on the Voyage to Guiana. All these are prior to A.D. 1600, and are all that have yet been discovered.—I am, dear Sir, your obliged and most obedient servant,
THO. DROMORE.

P.S. My nephew desires me to add his respects.
To George Stevens, Esq.

Near Northampton, July 7, 1797.

Dear Sir,—In the series of ante-Miltonian blank verse will come in a poem, entitled 'De Guiana Carmen Epicum,' (containing a narrative, but a concinnation on the discoverers of Guiana, prefixed to Lawrence Keymist's 'Relation of the Second Voyage to Guiana,' 4to. 1596, reprinted by Hackluyt in his collection. The author of this poem has only subscribed the initials of his name, G. C., which I take to indicate George Chapman, the translator of Homer, &c. &c. &c., as I have not been able to discover any other bard of that time with those initials. This opinion, however, I submit to you, who have such better means of information than I am able to procure in this retirement; and I request to be furnished with your sentiments concerning it. At the same time, can you give me any information about Ja. (I suppose James) Aske, author of 'Elizabetha Triumphans' or satisfy me whether the edition of 'The Mirror of Magistrates,' 1597, is the first,—wherein is inserted the version of Pontius Pilate's Epistle to Claudius, &c. (which you so obligingly transcribed for me). In that edition are many strange redundancies in the metre, &c., which lead one to imagine it was printed from a foul copy, whence the corrections and various modes of expressing the original were all swept into the text by a careless printer. In the subsequent edition, 1610, all these are carefully expunged, and the poem reduced to legitimate metre. I presume the initial J. means John (Higgins); can you give or refer me to any satisfactory account of him. In that edition and compiler?—I see we have lost another member of the club in Dr. Warren. Have any successors (since F. North) been proposed to supply the brethren whom we have lost?—I remain, dear Sir, your faithful and obedient humble servant,
THO. DROMORE.

To Geo. Stevens, Esq., Hampstead Heath, London.

With regard to the inquiries contained in the second of these two letters, there can be no doubt that the *Carmen Epicum*, on the discoverers of Guiana, was by George Chapman; and to his reprint of it Percy adds a note expressing his regret that Chapman had not rendered the *Iliad* in the

same form of verse "instead of his awkward Alexandrines." We entirely and heartily concur in this opinion; but when the Bishop goes on to say that the awkwardness of the measure had prevented Chapman's translation of Homer from becoming "a classical work," we as entirely and heartily dissent,—because it is indisputably one of the great classical works of our language, in spite of the inconvenient and monotonous character of the versification.

We may take this opportunity of mentioning that we have been promised the use of a copy of Bishop Percy's volume, now so great a literary rarity, to which attention has been thus called; and that in an early number we shall present our readers with an analysis of its very curious and interesting contents,—together with some notices of blank-verse poems anterior to Milton with which Percy, Stevens, and others were unacquainted.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

The Surveyors' Association has circulated the copy of a letter addressed by it to Lord Morpeth, claiming that they be employed on the survey of London in lieu of the military engineers. The Metropolitan Commission of Sewers, with this letter before it,—and after a hearing, of which no mention is made in that letter,—has confirmed unanimously the resolution that the Board of Ordnance be requested to complete the survey. So the matter stands. The question of the survey of London is only part and parcel of that of the survey of the whole country which has been so many years in course of execution. The complainants see this clearly enough,—and direct their attack against the employment of military surveyors altogether. They affirm that they can survey better and cheaper. We doubt this. It is not improbable that there may be in London some surveyors fit to conduct an operation which involves—as does the trigonometrical survey—the nicest points of astronomy and requires all the resources of mathematical analysis. But it is difficult to say who they are; and unquestionably we cannot choose a surveyor to perform so delicate an operation just as if it were the rough calculation of a piece of earthwork or the plotting of an ordinary plan. But let it be ever so certain that the civil surveyors are equal to those of the Ordnance (a strong supposition as to the general body, when it is remembered how few months have elapsed since any man who could procure a level and make the commonest use of it started up suddenly into a surveyor,) does it therefore follow that the Government is bound to employ them on the principle of not competing with them in their trade? As the nation builds its own ships, boro's its own cannon, and does all things else which it judges can be done with effect by its own workmen, why should it not make its own surveys?—The associated surveyors help to make out their case by putting into the expense of the London survey the ordinary pay of the officers and men,—which they would be receiving whether usefully employed or laid by in quarters to wait for a war. This is unbusiness-like, to say the least: and if done from ignorance, gives very little inducement to us to trust their own estimates of their own work. If done wilfully, it gives less.—We entirely agree with the following remarks made by Mr. Chadwick at the meeting of the Sewers Commission above mentioned,—and we desire our readers to note the facts at the end. And moreover, we desire the Associated Surveyors to stand informed that, as far as we are concerned, we very much object to parties requesting the assistance of the press by a document which suppresses so material a fact as that their claim has been heard by a competent court, and that their showing has failed to convince that court. The press, which is always forward enough to arraign an executive body, has a right to be fairly and fully informed of all that has taken place between any such body and those who complain of it. On the showing of their own circular, we might reasonably have inferred that the surveyors were trying for a hearing,—instead of complaining of the result of what, by the suppression alone, we must infer to have been a fair hearing.—

He could not admit the allegation made by the Association that they had all been educated, even for ordinary surveying. He apprehended it would be found that many of them had been recently called into existence by the extraordinary railway demand, and had been left destitute by its revulsion. Of one member of the Association, who Mr.

paired with the rest to claim the metropolitan survey as work for which they had been educated, he could say that not more than five years ago he (Mr. Chadwick) had exerted himself to procure work for him as a journeyman cartographer. He referred to the case without intending to disparage the individual, whose aim was meritorious. It might be shown that the employment of the Ordnance Corps on beneficial public work was an example worthy of being considered with a view to its extension to the rest of the army. According to the doctrine of the Associated Surveyors, the public who paid for this service were not in any wise to turn it to account. Officers, non-commissioned officers, and men were to do no service, that they (the Civil Surveyors) might be benefited. The Committee had endeavoured to get the work done in the best and cheapest manner. Out of the Associated Surveyors sixteen, or a minority, were known at the Title Office as having executed first-class maps. The Association offered a guarantee to do the work somewhat cheaper and quicker than it could be done by the Ordnance Corps; they were requested to furnish detailed evidence of their power to do what they had offered. After a very patient hearing, the committee were unanimously of opinion that the surveyors had failed to give that proof. The work they undertook was much less than that contained in the Ordnance survey; it was necessary to be sent in without verification, and the verification under the Ordnance system frequently occupied one-half of the whole time and labour.

We have had the curiosity to turn to the passages in the 'Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith' referred to by Mr. Forster in which he says he has made full and direct acknowledgment of Mr. Prior's labours. There is not the least air of concealment about the book—and it is very probable that many will become acquainted for the first time with Mr. Prior's Life actually through Mr. Forster's work. A copyright in facts, or even in their results, seems, as we have said, a monstrous assumption. Mr. Collier never complained that Mr. Charles Knight was indebted to his Shakspeare discoveries for much that is interesting in his 'William Shakspeare, a Biography.' Let us conceive an assertion of copyright in the recently discovered facts of Shakspeare's life. Mr. Collier claims the H. S. letter—the date of the first performance of Othello—the valuation of the Blackfriars property—and twenty other curious points; Sir Thomas Phillips seizes the marriage bond discovered by him in the Consistorial Court at Worcester; Mr. Knight puts his hand upon the wife's "thirds."—Mr. Cunningham on the dates when 'The Tempest' and the 'Winter's Tale' were first performed, Mr. Hunter on the Poet's residence in St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, and Mr. Halliwell on the curious will of the Poet's father-in-law. Why, if these gentlemen assumed the narrow view of the rights of literature that Mr. Prior has taken up, we could have no complete life of Shakspeare at all. The "Life" of him whose mind the universe could not contain must be parcelled out into small fragments, in each of which some lucky or industrious individual would have a Prior right. The pretension becomes simply ridiculous in this view of it; and the thirst of the public mind of England for minute knowledge of all that was done and suffered by its great idol would rebel instantly against this invasion of its rights in the name of some private pecuniary interest. Only let the proper sources of discovery be acknowledged—and Mr. Knight may use Mr. Collier's discoveries and Mr. Collier Mr. Knight's with perfect and admitted freedom.

The second fête for the season of the Horticultural Society took place in the Gardens at Chiswick on Saturday last. The threatening aspect of the weather had not deterred a number of adventurous votaries of the Flower Goddess—or some other goddess bearing the same relation, of the initial letter, to her that Monmouth does to Macedon—from assembling on the occasion; and the threat was very amply redeemed. The bands of the Guards were in attendance—but resigned in favour of the music of the falling rain, which steadily accompanied the exhibition. The ardour of the lady visitors was not to be damped, but must have been very much wetted. The grass seemed all the better for the rain—but the shoes must have been much the worse. The garden flowers drank health in the constant outpouring—but we fear some human flowers must have imbibed a far other draught.—The Royal Botanical Society was more fortunate on Wednesday last; the sun making his appearance, in the midst of strange weather, for that occasion of its June fête, as if "by particular desire." The plants had put on, in his light, that splendour of array beside which the glory of Solomon is dim. The gardens were filled with numbers and the tents crowded with guests at "the feast of flowers."

Mr. Fortune, having been engaged by the East

India Company to proceed to China for the purpose of procuring tea plants and seeds for their tea plantations in the Himalayas, has resigned the curatorship of the Botanic Garden at Chelsea; and Mr. Thomas Moore has been appointed in his stead.—The *Gardener's Chronicle* announces that Mr. Hartweg has returned to England, with a collection of seeds for the Horticultural Society, after an absence of two years and eight months, the greater part of which time was passed in California.

The *Limerick Examiner* mentions the death, in April last, in the valley of Cypriani in the Italian Tyrol, of the celebrated stigmatised Ecstatica Marie Dominique Lazzari, known to public fame through the descriptions of Lord Shrewsbury and others—at the age of thirty-three.

Our readers know that the Scotch have the pretension to be a highly civilized and moral people; and their press, which is the assertor of this claim, may be taken as a fair witness to the kind and degree of the civilization and morality which they thus uphold. The *Inverness Journal* copies from the *Cape Frontier Times* of February 22 an account of the sporting exploits of a Mr. —, the second son of a northern baronet [whose name, put forward for distinction by the Scotch paper, we suppress in mercy to the hero, because we gather a different moral from his deeds]; which exploits are, with evident pride, described as the perpetuation in Africa of that skill which the Scottish gentleman acquires from his pursuits at home. In a journey of eleven months, during which he is represented to have penetrated many hundred miles beyond the highest point previously reached by any white man, this chivalrous and intrepid Scot shot forty-three elephants and sixty hippopotami, "the finest troops to which they belonged having been singled out for slaughter."

"The rhinoceros, buffalo, camelopard, eland, gemsbok, roan, antelope, waterbuck, hartebeest, sasaby, black and blue wildebeest, koodoo, pallah, zebra, riethok, kilpspringer, &c., were found by him in such abundance that he rarely expended his ammunition upon them, except when in want of the flesh, or to get their heads as specimens to grace his collection of sporting trophies—which is described as being now so extensive as almost to require a small ship to send them home." It appears that this gentleman has "had losses," too, in the course of his brilliant campaign of extermination—and that the victims of his thirst for sporting fame did not suffer themselves to be massacred for his glory without some attempt at resistance and retaliation. To the reckoning of this gentleman's humanity should be added in fairness a large amount of incidental slaughter which is not formally insisted on by his panegyrist as among the proofs of "the excellence of his sport." "He has lost all his horses (15), all his oxen (30), and all his dogs (20), and his best waggon-driver. His horses were killed either by lions or horse sickness and the fly called tsetse. All his oxen were killed by this insect. His dogs were killed, some by the lions, some by the panther, crocodile, and by different kinds of game. The waggon-driver was carried off on a dark and cloudy evening by a monster lion,—which Mr. Cumming shot next day." This is a very imposing bulletin—well deserving the notice of the Society for the Suppression of Cruelty to Animals. We suppose, from the triumphant tone of the record, that this gentleman's place in Scottish society will be a high one—but we confess we have some difficulty in fancying the hero "at good men's feasts," enjoying the gentle ministry of women, or looking into the smiling faces of children. We should be unwilling to see his rifle by our hearth. It has been said that extremes meet; and it is true that many of the expressions of a very high civilization resemble greatly what we should consider characteristics of the savage. The American Indian who counted fame by scalps, and the man of Borneo who still counts it by the heads which he takes, seem to us to be morally the near neighbour of him whose title to reputation is the shipload of carcasses which his rifle has made.

The fund subscribing for the destitute family of the poet Thom amounts now, we are glad to see, to a sum of 200l.—including a donation of 20l. from the Literary Fund. In London, the Caledonian Society have formed a committee in its aid—and it is hoped to carry the subscription at least to the amount of 300l.

The fearful manner in which the European states are just now driving about in the revolutionary tempest is inducing many men amongst us who are naturally of an adventurous political spirit to return for safety to anchors of the Past that had been very justly condemned and rationally abandoned,—and to look back somewhat wistfully for shelter to the worn-out and very scanty accommodation of the "wisdom of our ancestors." There are many who were just getting glimpses of the new social truths—but who, we verily believe, would not hear just now of the removal even of the Goodwin Sands, and who would question anew the *unfitness* of anachronisms. All such, in the proverbial form of proscription, we would "send to Coventry"; where our fellow-countrymen, in their fears, we presume, of the Present, are going a long way back,—and taking a very foolish road. It may be worth while, as a lesson, to show what part of the Past the men of Coventry think worth holding to—and how these modern worthies understand "the wisdom of our ancestors." A public meeting has been held in that enlightened and decorous town to consider the expediency of reviving the old procession of the Lady Godiva—where the proposal was unanimously adopted, and its execution intrusted to a committee! The Lady Godiva embodies, no doubt, the Coventry ideal of the Genius of Counter Revolution. The Drama of the town will return, of course, to the old Coventry Plays!

We regret to see, by a letter to Col. Sherburne of the United States, that the great apostle of the temperance movement, Father Mathew, is yet a martyr peculiarly to the cause. In this letter he communicates the distressing fact that not a shilling of the pension (300l. a-year) granted to him by the Government can be appropriated to his own use; it having been assigned to pay a premium of insurance on his life for 6,000l.—the amount of the balance of a debt which he had contracted in his zeal to promote the temperance principle.

The council of University College, London, in their character of residuary legatees of the late Dr. Holme, of Manchester, have examined the catalogue of his valuable library; and have written to the executors requesting that the whole of the books, plate, antiquities and other articles of *virtù*, and also such other chattels as the executors may think more likely to be sold in London than in Manchester, may be packed up and forwarded to the college,—and the remainder forthwith sold. "Amongst other articles," says the *Manchester Guardian*, "which must go to London, is the ancient Runic stone cross which we have noticed as having formerly stood at Lancaster,—and having subsequently found its way into a museum at Kendal, at the sale of which, on the death of its proprietor, Dr. Holme bought it. We regret that this fine specimen of Anglo-Danish or Anglo-Saxon antiquity should be removed from this county; and we think that if a suitable application were made to the council of the London University College by the council of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society,—or by that of the Manchester Natural History Society, which possesses an excellent museum where it could be deposited with the certainty of its being extensively accessible within doors and carefully preserved,—such an application would be favourably received, and the stone would remain in Manchester."

A New York paper announces that Sir John Richardson and his party arrived at Lake Superior on the 29th of April—and left a few days after on their journey overland to the Arctic regions in search of the lost expedition of Sir John Franklin.

It would appear from what passed in Parliament a few evenings since, that the Government intends to leave the actual settlement of the building of a Public Record Office to its successors. Having taken all the preliminary steps, inquired again and again, made surveys, drawn up plans, given notices to occupiers, and unsettled the whole neighbourhood of Chancery Lane—the passing of the necessary Act being the only thing remaining to be done.—Ministers halt before this essential measure. The reason given is, that there are no funds. Want of means may be a good reason for not beginning to build—but none at all for not fixing the site, and obtaining powers for building when the means shall be forthcoming. The present difficulty of removing one impediment

need not be urged as a reason for letting another lie in the way. The argument would seem to be equally good against all the steps that have been already taken. This new hesitation of the Government will be regretted by all who hoped that this interminable question was at last in a fair way of being decided.

At the Royal College of Physicians, the Harveian Oration will be delivered by Dr. Francis Hawkins on Saturday the 24th instant.

It may be convenient to some of our readers to be informed that a portion of the rooms commonly shown to the public in Windsor Castle are for the present closed, in consequence of works there going on. The remainder are open to visitors, as usual.

Nothing, as we have said and shown, can resist the power and speed of the iron horse whose nostrils utter flame and whose feet are shod with gold. A vain attempt has been made by the antiquaries of Scotland to preserve one of the most interesting relics of their metropolis from being ridden down by the monster; but he struck at it with his golden hoof—and the archaeologists gave way. Things older than the oldest of which these have charge have done so before them. Rocks have been moved at his coming and the sea has fled before him—what chance then for the works of men to stay the passion of his full career? The Collegiate Church of the Holy Trinity at Edinburgh is a fine specimen of Early English, consisting of the choir and transepts as left unfinished on the death of the foundress,—Mary of Guelders, the Queen of James the Second,—in 1463. Rickman refers to it as one of the best specimens of the later style of ecclesiastical architecture remaining in Scotland. This beautiful monument of antiquity, the tomb of the Scottish queens, stood, by an unhappy fatality, right in the place wanted by the North British Railway for the erection of coal sheds to lay up provender for the iron horse. Nothing like it will be left in the northern capital, writes a correspondent to us: but so determined were the railway directors to suffer no opposition, "that they are actually paying 17,000*l.* for a bit of ground that will barely accommodate two dozen waggons." Since the antiquaries could not save the royal tomb, they did the next best thing—instituted a search for the royal remains of the foundress. A warrant from the Woods and Forests authorized the search; and in the sacristy were found what the Scottish Society, on a careful investigation into the circumstances and the evidence bearing upon it, have pronounced to be the remains of Queen Mary of Guelders. They are to be removed, with royal honours, to the Abbey of Holyrood. There is now, it is said, only one Gothic cathedral remaining in Edinburgh; the venerable pile of St. Giles,—under whose ample roof three (formerly four) congregations meet for public worship.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS, TRAFALGAR SQUARE. THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY IS NOW OPEN.—Admission (from Eight o'clock till Seven), 1*s.*; Catalogue, 1*s.* JOHN PRESCOTT KNIGHT, R.A., Secretary.

BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL. The Gallery, with a Selection of Pictures by Ancient Masters and Decayed British Artists, is OPEN Daily from Ten till Six.—Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue, 1*s.* WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. THE FORTY-FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN, at their GALLERY, 5, PALL MALL EAST, each Day, from Nine till Dusk.—Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue, 1*s.* GEORGE A. FILIPP, Secretary.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER COLOURS. THE FOURTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION IS NOW OPEN at their GALLERY, FIFTY-THREE, PALL MALL. Admission, 1*s.*; Catalogue, 6*d.*

THE EXHIBITION OF MURRAY'S PAINTINGS, DRAWINGS, SKETCHES, &c. to promote the formation of a NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART, IS NOW OPEN at the SOCIETY OF ARTS, JOHN STREET, ADELPHI, from Nine till Dusk.—Admission, 1*s.* each. Proofs of the Society, Lithographed by John Linnell, Jun., are now ready for delivery to Subscribers of 2*s.* 6*d.*

ERUPTION OF MOUNT ETNA. NEW EXHIBITION at the DIORAMA, REGENT'S PARK, representing MOUNT ETNA, in SICILY, under three aspects—Evening, Sunrise, and during an Eruption; and the INTERIOR OF ST. MARK'S at VENICE, with two effects—Day and Night. During the latter, the Grand Machine Organ will perform. Open from Ten till Six.—Admission, 2*s.*; Children under Twelve Years, Half-price.

THE ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—First Exhibition of Important and Novel Experiments in ELECTRICITY, by ISHAM BAGGS, Esq., illustrating, by means of the Hydro-Electric Machine, the PHENOMENA OF THUNDERSTORMS and the CAUSE OF LIGHTNING, in a Series of Lectures, to commence on MONDAY, the 19th inst., to be continued on WEDNESDAY and FRIDAY, at Two o'clock, and in the EVENINGS of TUESDAY, THURSDAY, and SATURDAY, at Nine o'clock.—The Popular Lectures of Dr. RYAN and Dr. BACHOFFNER.—Diorama effects are exhibited in the New Dissolving Views, which, with the Chromastrop and Microscope, are shown on the large Disc.—Admission, 1*s.*; Schools, Half-price.—The New Catalogue, 1*s.*

SOCIETIES

ROYAL.—June 9.—This was the general meeting for the election of Fellows; and on no other occasion do we remember to have seen so large an assemblage of the members present. This affords evidence that the new statutes relating to the election of Fellows have created considerable interest. The Marquis of Northampton took the chair at three o'clock,—and immediately commenced the reading of his Address: to which the circumstance of his retirement gave unusual interest. His Lordship, after adverting to the short period that had elapsed since he last addressed the Society, stated that it had been deemed advisable to select the day appointed for the election of Fellows for the delivering of the President's anniversary Address,—and that in future the obituary of the deceased Fellows would be read on the same occasion. He then alluded, in the following terms, to the new regulations on the subject of election.—

I have never concealed my own doubts on the main feature of these regulations. I believe that many Fellows of the Society participate in these doubts; but it would be to me a matter of the deepest regret if they do not receive a fair trial. Still more should I deplore the result, if the supposed errors of these regulations were to be visited on the offending Candidates. In saying this I wish to be understood that I do not in the least wish to interfere with the free exercise of the rights of the Fellows. The Council would have no right to complain, because every Candidate selected by them was not elected, and still less because some were to be elected whom they had not named; for I need scarcely repeat, that the Fellows may elect all the Candidates before them, or none of them. The latter alternative would, however, convey an expression of opinion against both the claims of the Candidates and the justice of the Council's selection neither complimentary nor just. I therefore really think that the Council would be hardly treated if at least the greater part of the selected Candidates were not elected.

Respecting the proposals of—or rather views entertained by—different individuals as to the desirableness of effecting changes in the Royal Society, his Lordship said:—

It must be within your cognizance, Gentlemen, that many schemes for alterations in our Society have been of late suggested, or, to speak more correctly, have been hinted at, for nothing distinct or definite has been proposed, as far as I know. Those who advocate such plans should always remember that the Royal Society is not placed, like the Institute in France, under the protection of the Government, nor supported at the public expense. Whether that be a gain or not is not a question for our consideration; but for my own part I should be sorry to exchange our independence for any other advantage. As, however, we have to support ourselves, any such extreme restriction of our numbers as should make us a very select body, would deprive us of the power of publishing those Transactions, which constitute the main part of our scientific usefulness.

Our body consists not only of men of science, but also to a certain extent of literary men, eminent artists, and gentlemen of rank and station. I believe that this widening of the basis of our Society is most useful to it, and besides serves the more important purpose of enlisting in the cause of science those who may patronize and defend, though they do not follow her.

There are some persons who seem to think that it would be advisable for us not only to be a common link and bond for the other Societies of London, but also actually to unite with them, and thus to form one monster society. This is certainly an imposing scheme; but very much doubt is entertained as to its practicability, and still more its advantage to the cause of Science itself. I doubt whether any one Society could follow out all the ramifications of individual branches of knowledge as they are now followed out by the Linnean, Astronomical, and Geological Societies.

There cannot be a doubt, Gentlemen, that the establishment of separate Societies must have deprived the 'Philosophical Transactions' of many papers of great interest, and this has probably led to the notion that our Society is less flourishing than it was. As, however, I believe that the whole number of scientific papers published in England is increased, and as the object of the Royal Society is, not our own glory, but the improvement of natural knowledge, and the scientific honour of the country, we ought not to regret that valuable communications adorn other Transactions, than our own. We ought also the less to regret this circumstance, as most of the principal supporters of other Societies are members of our body also. At the same time we may sometimes feel sorry that particular communications are not made to us, and we may perhaps think that some of our Fellows are not quite so mindful of us as they should be.

His Lordship next passed under review the salient features in the progress of Science since the anniversary of the Society in November last. He then alluded to his approaching retirement from the chair in the following terms.—

After filling the honourable office of your President for ten years, I think it is now right to surrender it to some one who has higher qualifications for it than I can pretend to possess. I have long entertained the opinion that it was not desirable that an individual should hold it for life, as has been the case with some of my predecessors, though I do not quite agree with those who think that its tenure

should be limited to a very short period. You are probably aware that it is the intention of your Council to recommend as my successor a nobleman who has displayed for a long series of years the greatest zeal for the progress of Astronomy. You must all be aware, Gentlemen, of the wonderful telescope made by Lord Rosse, the great ingenuity displayed in its construction, and the labour and expense that it must have cost its constructor. These are strong claims on the Royal Society, and strong guarantees for his future zeal in your service, and in that of science in general. I do not hesitate to add, and the more so as some seem inclined to demur to my opinion, that it is clear to my own mind that his rank and station are additional reasons in his favour. I am not, indeed, one of those who hold that any rank or position, however exalted, can confer honour on science: on the contrary, I shall always maintain that science confers honour on them: it is, however, not less clear that the possession of wealth, of rank, and of station, gives to their possessors the power of aiding science in various ways; and this is the real point to be considered. On the question, however, of my successor, which is one for your decision, I feel that it would be indelicate and improper for me to say more.

In retiring from the office of your President, whatever may have been my other deficiencies, I trust no one can justly reproach me with want of zeal for your interests and your honour. To my colleagues in the different Councils, who have been elected by the general body, I must attribute whatever prosperity may have attended the Society during the last ten years. In looking back to that period there are three circumstances that give me unmingled pleasure. The first of these is the very important series of papers on Magnetism, for which we are indebted to a philosopher, of whose presence among us we have special reason to be proud: I need hardly name to you Professor Faraday. The second point to which I refer is the prompt attention that was paid by the British Government to the joint recommendation of the Royal Society and the British Association to send an Expedition for scientific purposes to the southern regions of the globe. The glory which has attended the successful exertions of Sir James Ross and his brave comrades is reflected not only on his country, but also on the Societies that recommended, and the Government that sent out, the Expedition.

The third subject which claims my attention, and to which I have already alluded, is the great conjoint inquiry on Terrestrial Magnetism, still going on, and owing its origin to the united recommendations of the British Association and the Royal Society.

It is true that this object had been brought before the notice of the Royal Society some years before by one of the most illustrious of modern travellers and philosophers, the author of 'Cosmos,' M. Humboldt; but the immediate origin of the undertaking was the recommendation of the two English Societies, acting on foreign Governments through our own. To the Foreign Secretary of the Royal Society, in conjunction with Dr. Lloyd, of Dublin, was confided the important task of drawing up the regulations under which the inquiries of associated nations, instead of associated individuals, were to be carried on.

In the case, too, of the South Polar Expedition, the Royal Society was applied to by the Government for scientific recommendations, and your Council, in conjunction with your different scientific Committees, drew up a Report of the highest value, not only to the particular voyage for which it was specially prepared, but also for all other similar undertakings, and even for every scientific traveller in little-known regions of the globe.

The Chairman concluded his address by congratulating the Society that amidst the political disturbances which agitate Europe generally the philosopher in England remains undisturbed.—At its conclusion, the more immediate business of the meeting was commenced by the appointment of Sir C. Lemon and Mr. Wheatstone as scrutators to examine the votes. Mr. W. Tooker then rose and protested against the proposed manner of voting. He was followed by Mr. A. J. Stephens; who, after a speech of upwards of an hour—the principal features of which consisted in a legal dissertation on what he conceived to be the illegality of vote by ballot, and consequently of the present statutes for the election of Fellows—moved that the meeting "do now adjourn." This was seconded by Dr. J. Lee,—who briefly expressed his approval of Mr. Stephens's views. Mr. Grove—who was on the Council at the time when the new statutes were enacted, and had a great share in framing them—replied; and urged that there was but one feeling pervading the minds of those gentlemen who had been instrumental in making the new laws—that was the welfare of the Society; that under the old system so many abuses had arisen, that it was of vital importance to change the mode of election; and that he and his colleagues who formed the majority in the Council, after the most serious and lengthy deliberations, had come to the conclusion that the statutes as they now stood were best calculated to meet the desired ends. Finally, he entreated the Society to give the new laws a fair trial,—and if after this they should not be found to answer, he had no doubt that the Council of the time being would make such alterations as might be found necessary. Lord Northampton, before putting the question of ad-

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jourment to the vote, also urged the Society to give the new rules an impartial trial—as it was by such a course only that their efficiency could be tested. Mr. Stephens was then called on by several Fellows to withdraw his motion; but Dr. Lee, the seconder, refusing his sanction, the question was put from the chair,—when seven hands were held up in its favour and upwards of a hundred against it. The election was then proceeded with, and the following gentlemen were declared duly elected:—
G. Bishop, Esq.; Rev. J. Challis; Capt. H. Clerk, R.A.; W. Ferguson, Esq.; R. W. Fox, Esq.; Capt. H. James, R.E.; H. G. Latham, M.D.; Capt. J. H. Lefroy, R.A.; J. O. M. William, M.D.; T. Oldham, Esq.; Dr. L. Playfair; R. Parrett, Esq.; J. Stenhouse, Esq.; and Dr. A. Thomson. Mr. Syme had been recommended by the Council; but in consequence of that gentleman's determination not to reside in London, he withdrew his candidature,—too late, however, to permit the Council to supply his place by recommending another gentleman.

At the conclusion of the business, the Society and their friends dined together at the Freemasons' Tavern—Lord Northampton presiding, supported by the Earl of Rosse. On the President's health being drunk with all the honours, his Lordship alluded feelingly to the period of his Presidency,—which was, he said, endeared to him by many happy remembrances. We should observe that a fine portrait of the Marquis, by the late T. Phillips, which many of our readers will remember to have seen in the Royal Academy Exhibition of last year, was placed in the Society's meeting-room—having been presented to the Society by his Lordship.

ASTRONOMICAL.—May 12.—Sir J. Herschell, President, in the chair.—A list of new Associates contains the names of Boguslausi, Bremiker, Busche, Clausen, Colla, d'Arrest, Daussy, Faye, Galle, Goldschmidt, Hencke, Knorre, Laugier, Mädler, Mathieu, Mauvais, Peters, Petersen, Rümker, Otto Struve, and Weisse. The Rev. T. P. Dale, Major T. F. Lysaght, S. Fenwick, Esq., and the Rev. H. H. Jones were elected Fellows.

Among the communications was one on the planet discovered by Mr. Graham, which he has called Metis—the reason being, that the planet was discovered by the *plan* or *counsel* of Mr. Cooper. So far as this is intended to give an exclusive name, there is error about it; for Uranus, most of the small planets, and Neptune, were all discovered on definite plans of preparation. This is our own observation—not the Society's. Observations have been forwarded from Markree, Altona, Hamburg, Durham, Hartwell, and South Villa. Then followed observations of some other small planets and other miscellanies.—Mr. Hind writes, that he has been somewhat misunderstood as to his prediction of the comet; the arrival of which he imagines may take place in this year or next. The same gentleman makes a communication on the *new star*, which has been observed to be of variable magnitude. As it is nearly in the same position with one of Flamsteed's stars (52 Serpentis), which has never been found in the heavens, Mr. Hind examined the original observations at Greenwich, to ascertain whether Flamsteed really saw a star in the locality assigned to his 52 Serpentis. From this examination it appears, however, that 52, and also 54, of that constellation are mistakes arising from error in the determining star; and that, but for a casual omission to use one of the observations, there would have been a third non-existing star invented on the same evening.—Among the other communications is a proposal from Prof. Chevallier to alter the mode of indicating a given instant of time. At Greenwich, as our readers know, a ball is allowed to fall at the moment which it is desired to announce. Prof. Chevallier proposes to give the ball a regular motion, and to cause it to move through three or five iron hoops, placed horizontally—the time of passing each hoop being noted, as in the transit of a star.

Colonel Batty communicated for inspection a curious dial by Nicolas Kratzer, the friend of Holbein, dated 1542,—with a biographical notice of the author; who, it appears, was of Munich—was made Fellow of Corpus Christi, Oxford, by Bishop Fox in 1517—and was alive in 1550. The old dial in the garden of his college, and another on a pillar in the churchyard of St. Mary's, are of his workmanship.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.—June 8.—The Bishop of Oxford, V.P., in the chair. This was the last

meeting of the season. The Queen sent for exhibition a magnificent gold Anglo-Saxon torques, which had been found a short time ago by an earth-stopper in Needwood Forest. The torques, as is well known, was an ornament for the neck,—often conferred by the Romans as a mark of distinction for eminent services. In this instance, it weighed nearly a pound and a half, and was composed of six twisted cords, each about as thick as a man's little finger.—Mr. Bruce sent a fibula of peculiar construction, dug up in Gloucestershire, the age of which did not seem exactly determined.—A paper on watches, by Mr. Morgan, M.P., was then read. It was full of information regarding the original construction and gradual improvements in what are still called in Germany pocket-clocks. Nuremberg was, as far as can now be ascertained, the place of their invention; and several of the specimens shown by Mr. Morgan, in his own collection and in that of the Clockmakers' Company (which were all upon the table), were what are known by the name of Nuremberg eggs. The claim of Nuremberg reaches as far back as 1479,—whereas no other part of Europe can produce any evidence earlier than 1494, when a notice of these watches occurs in a sonnet by Gaspar Visconti. The spring, as a substitute for weights, was the great improvement which led to the manufacture of pocket-clocks or watches,—and this was not employed until near the latter end of the fifteenth century. Matters afterwards remained stationary for about 150 years, when the minute-hand was introduced by Quayne; and finally Facio inserted jewels, to facilitate the action of the wheels, about the year 1700.—The reading of this dissertation was followed by two letters on the question of the introduction and use of gunpowder and guns into the warfare of this country; one by the Rev. J. Hunter, and the other by Mr. Wright. Mr. Wright's communication was rather beside the question, treating more of the first employment of gunpowder in Spain, France, and Italy, than in England. Mr. Wright showed that it was used by the French, in the siege of Southampton, in 1338, but he could not trace it in England until the year of the battle of Cressy, 1346. This was the date assigned by Mr. Hunter, and by everybody else; and Mr. Hunter pretended to nothing new in his paper, beyond establishing from our own national records that gunpowder and artillery had been ordered and prepared for Edward III. when he undertook his expedition against France. He showed, however, that the document cited by Sir H. Nicolas in his 'History of the Navy' as belonging to 1338 was in truth no earlier than 1411. The result of the whole of these investigations is to leave us in point of knowledge much as we were; for it was already very well ascertained that Italy, Spain, and France were beforehand with us in the use of gunpowder,—and Villani (who died in 1348) had asserted positively that the English employed gunpowder and artillery at the battle of Cressy.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.—May 26.—The Duke of Northumberland, President, in the chair.—Mr. Faraday, 'On two recent Inventions of Artificial Stone.' Having expressed his regret that indisposition prevented the Dean of Westminster from discoursing on this subject as had been arranged, Mr. Faraday said that, in undertaking at a short notice to describe the principles on which these artificial stones were constructed, he refrained from expressing an opinion as to their probable commercial success. He explained the process adopted and the object aimed at, first in Mr. Ransome's, and afterwards in Mr. Buckwell's invention. Mr. Ransome's manufacture having been already noticed in this journal [*Athen. No. 1057, p. 116*], needs to be but briefly adverted to now. Broken flints are dissolved in a solution of caustic alkali at a temperature of 300° Fahr. When this solution is sufficiently evaporated, siliceous sand, or the flint grit of roads, and a little clay are worked with it, till the whole is of the consistence of putty. It is finally pressed in moulds, dried, fired for 48 hours, and then slowly cooled. The impression produced is very sharp; the stone resembles white sandstone, and is said to resist all atmospheric changes, and even acids. Philosophically considered, this artificial stone is a mass of sand cemented together by glass. The glass, at first containing excess of alkali, is diffused in a fluid state throughout the particles of flint and

alumina. These particles absorb the superabundant alkali when the stone is fired, and the resulting vitreous cement resembles, in hardness and resisting power, the portion of glass which, in the common manufacture of the hardest kinds of that substance, is found in immediate contact with the sides of the pots. To show the unstable nature of ordinary glass, Mr. Faraday exhibited green bottles in which diluted sulphuric acid had been kept. In the glass of these bottles the lime had been separated from the silica by the sulphuric acid, and the insides were in consequence studded with multitudes of regularly-formed cones of sulphate of lime. Mr. Faraday then entered on Mr. Buckwell's manufacture. As the artificial stone invented by Mr. Ransome is chiefly applicable for ornamental purposes, so Mr. Buckwell's invention, termed by him *artificial granite*, appears exclusively designed to supply the place of blocks brought from the quarry for large works, whether walls of houses or of aqueducts, sewers, &c. Mr. Buckwell uses the following simple process:—Fragments of a suitable stone (Portland stone, for example) are gauged and sorted into sizes. These are cleaned and carefully mixed on a board with cement in the proportion of 5 parts of large fragments, 2 of smaller ones, 1 of cement, and a portion of water,—but the water is in *no greater quantity* than will bring it to the dampness of fresh deal saw-dust. This being done, the materials are put into a strong mould to the depth of about 1½ inch at a time; they are then *driven together by percussion*, more materials are now put in, these in turn hammered together till the water has escaped by holes pierced for that purpose in the moulds,—and this process is continued till the block or pipe has attained the required magnitude. It is then taken out of the mould, and now found to be so hard as to ring when struck, and in ten days is fit for service. It is affirmed to harden under the influence of moisture, to bear, when moulded in the form of girders, a greater transverse pressure than any rock except slate, and to be only one-sixth of the cost of brick-work. It will be noticed that this process is characterized by the use of fragments, by the small quantity of cement employed (not one-fourth of the proportion used in common *grouting*), and by water, instead of fire, being made the means of bringing the fragments into close union. Mr. Faraday then noticed two scientific principles on which the success of Mr. Buckwell's process greatly depends:—1. *The use of water in effecting the approximation of the particles and the exclusion of air.* It had been ascertained by Dr. Wollaston (Bakerian Lecture, 1828) that, in order to bring the particles of platina into close contact, it was best to bring them together in water. When a freshly made road is watered to make the materials bind together, the same principle assists in the result. Having filled a measured glass with sand, Mr. Faraday showed that when the glass was first filled with water and then the sand added with agitation, it occupied less space than it did when dry.—2. *The effect of percussion in bringing particles together.* Mr. Faraday noticed, that simple pressure will not displace interstitial air or water, but that a blow will. Water contained in a small cylinder of wire-gauze was shown remaining in the open network when subjected to the pressure of a column of the same fluid, though it freely ran through the meshes when the cylinder was gently struck. On the same principle the moistened sand on the seashore gives way, and leaves a footmark under the impact of the limb which strikes it.—In conclusion, Mr. Faraday noticed the remarkable fact that the sedimentary matter in sewers, &c. does not accumulate on Mr. Buckwell's artificial granite as it does in glazed pipes.

DECORATIVE ART.—April 12.—Mr. Boulnois, V.P., in the chair.—A paper 'On the Forms of Heraldic Shields' was read by Mr. Partridge. He observed that heraldry, from its peculiar significance and interesting and picturesque effects, might with advantage become an integral portion of every important embellishment. Heraldic shields should have relation to the style of architecture or decorations with which they are associated; but, nevertheless, they possess individual and periodic characteristics in form which must frequently be borne in mind. The earliest form of shield was circular,—which subsequently gave place to the oval. Both

shapes were adopted by the Greeks; and consequently heraldic blazonry may be appropriately applied within the acanthus scroll-work and wreaths peculiar to the ornaments of their era. Instances supporting this statement were adduced,—such as Medusa's Head, Jupiter's Thunderbolt, &c. Various forms of shields were used by the Romans,—some of which were described. The Saxons carried the primitive circular shield having a boss or pike in the centre; but an elongated shape called the "kite" shield became prevalent in the Norman period of our history. Reference was made to the Bayeux Tapestry. Shields during the Crusades were reduced in length, and assumed a form now called Heater, or sometimes Gothic; and this change afterwards gave place to various shapes—such as the Tilting Shield, having escalloped edges and a peculiar notch or opening to receive a strap-fastening, and others. Both of the last-named shields may be seen placed alternately on the panellings on Henry the Seventh's Chapel. During the Tudor and Elizabethan periods, the Gothic shape was more or less adhered to in the practice of heraldic mountings; but a fanciful bordering or background was added, partaking of the characteristic expression of those times in all matters of ornament. An oval shield is usually met with in Italian palaces, and is mounted on a groundwork exhibiting a border of over and under-lapping enrichments peculiar to their style of embellishments. Modern instances, on the gates of the Royal Exchange and in the University Club House, were described as properly characteristic; but the heraldry displayed upon the ceilings of the ambulatories in the Royal Exchange was alluded to as not being expressed with proper heraldic gusto, nor upon appropriate shields—as these at least should have partaken of the characteristic form of the arabesque embellishments with which they are associated. The manner of introducing shields upon cornices in lofty apartments was noticed; and the mode of placing two shields obliquely to the face of the wall was pointed out, as forming an effective enrichment—a variety being obtainable by adopting badges, crests, or coronets at the intervals. Labels and inscribed ribbons offer other vehicles for variety in such decorations. Comments (accompanied with suggestions) were offered on the treatment of the royal arms in various metropolitan churches,—the placing of shields on corbels and pendants,—and the manner of composition with reference to equipoise and richness of colour as well as forms, in setting out a group of shields, as where the principal shield assumes a central position and others are more or less conspicuously seen protruding from behind. Explanations were given respecting the heraldic embellishments of the Houses of Parliament. It was remarked that the royal badges, such as the red or white rose, &c., ought to be used by private persons only as expressive of a period when particular honours were obtained by the ancestors of those adopting them. Mr. Partridge concluded with some observations on the absurd way in which crests are occasionally introduced upon furniture, such as chairs; and he exhibited drawings illustrative of the principal topics in his paper.

In the course of a discussion by the members, it was contended that for the Houses of Parliament it would have been more correct and picturesque to have varied the shields in accordance with the periods in which they had been respectively adopted.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- MON. Statistical, 8, P.M.
 — Chemical, 8.
 TUES. Linnean, 8.
 — Institution of Civil Engineers, 8.
 WED. Microscopical, 8.
 THURS. Royal Society of Literature, 4.
 FRID. Philological, 8.
 SAT. College of Physicians, 5.—Harveian Oration, by Dr. Francis Hawkins.

FINE ARTS

BRITISH INSTITUTION.
Exhibition of Old Masters.

THAT it is a task of no mean difficulty annually to collect and place before the public an assemblage of pictures presenting at once the attractions of excellence and of novelty, will be readily understood when it is remembered how often in the space of more than

thirty years recourse has been had to the same galleries for the materials of this annual Exhibition. It is the especial merit of the present collection that—to accept the claim of the Directors in their address prefixed to the Catalogue—it presents something like a connected view of the history of the practice of Art in its successive phases; affording to those whom inclination or opportunity may not have led into foreign parts where this can be studied on the larger scale, some means of tracing and comparing the methods of painters, from Giotto and the Florentine artists to Van Eyck—on to the higher and more finished manifestation of the Venetians; and, through the Dutch, down to the latest masters of our own school. Including even the preparatory drawings for pictures and specimens of book illustration in the work of one of the first miniaturists, or illuminators, of his time—examples of almost every description of Art that has been practised may be seen in this collection. It cannot be said, nevertheless, that each style has found here its most complete representative. The power of fresco, for instance, will not be adequately made known to those who have not travelled, by such a specimen as *The Holy Family* (58), by Maturino. But the difficulty of making proper acquaintance by such means with this class of Art may be appreciated when the circumstances are borne in mind under which these works are wrought—when it is remembered that their presence in our Exhibitions involves no less than the removal and transport of an entire wall, and is subject to the almost inevitable injuries consequent on its cutting away. Tempera painting is better represented here—and in more than one specimen or one method. The perfection to which oil-painting was brought by Van Eyck and his school is also satisfactorily expressed—as is also the Venetian supremacy in the adaptation of the same material on more extensive scale and in more gorgeous combination. The Dutch here display their results of transparency, beauty in execution, and elaborateness of finish: and the study of all these conjoined works is finally made apparent by this Exhibition in the labours of some of the most distinguished among the deceased masters of our own school—Reynolds, Gainsborough, Wilson, Lawrence, and others. In the chronologic view thus presented in these three rooms of the progress of Art and its methods for three centuries from its revival, though it may not be easy to affirm with certainty the paternity of each distinct example, sufficient evidence of the progression appears on the face of each to warrant its assignment to a particular period:—a fact of more importance, considering the collection in the spirit in which the Directors bring it under the public notice. The progress of the general idea rather than of the individual thinker is the true subject of philosophic inquiry.

The earliest frescoes here are ascribed to the hand of Giotto (87 and 95), and are said to be from the Church of the Carmelites, at Florence. The first, said to be *Peter and John approaching the Body of Jesus*, gives no idea of the character of such matters; and the second, a Female, resembles more the works of Taddeo Gaddi, Giotto's scholar, than those of the master himself. As early as the days of Bottari these frescoes were described as discoloured; and, of course, they were not improved by the fire which occurred in 1771. As remains of the Art of the end of the 13th or beginning of the 14th century, they will be regarded with interest; but they must not be considered as offering specimens of Giotto's powers.

King Richard the Second praying to the Virgin and Infant Saviour, attended by his Patron Saints, St. John, St. Edmund and Edward the Confessor, painted in 1377, and for some years a feature at Wilton,—is attractive beyond the antiquarian interest that attaches to so early and national a work. A sense of regal character and dignity and a delicacy of feeling are here expressed—as in the generality of works about this time; the strong feeling of the painter for his subject compensating to a great extent for the absence of what may be termed grammatical knowledge, and for other errors. A later work by John Fouquet de Tours, painter to Louis the Eleventh, of a Knight in golden armour kneeling down, to whom God the Father appears in the air, while the damned are tormented in the abyss, is simply a curiosity—remarkable only for subscription to pictorial tradition, and

unredeemed by the traits of feeling and expression that mark its predecessor.

By Giovanni da Piesole there are two frescoes. *An Ascension of the Virgin* (51) is one of those larger examples of the pictorial monk which are seldom seen out of his own convent. It has, however, all his fervour and spiritual tendency—though it can scarcely be accepted as a high example. *Salome dancing before Herod* (75) much better represents the artist, in a work of small dimensions: and its proprietor, Mr. Rogers, is one of the very few in England who possess so good an example of his practice.

The Salutation (53)—said to be by Fra Filippo Lippi—may possibly owe that ascription to a certain frankness previously unobservable in the works of the painters—and which his association with Masaccio would be likely to induce.

By Francesco Ubertini, called Bacchiacca, are two pictures from the history of Joseph (50 and 54). This artist is said to have been a diligent imitator of Perugino—among whose scholars he is enumerated, though he has not very conspicuous mention by Mezzanotte. The pictures themselves remind us more of Andrea del Sarto than of Vannucci,—having more freedom of style, less restraint of manner, greater oppositions of colour, and more general picturesqueness than characterizes the latter. A much better idea of the style of Perugino is given in the *Virgin and Child* (104) by Assisi. In this are perceptible many of the peculiarities of the master and of that race of scholars by whom he was imitated and followed. Foremost among these was the author of the picture in question—from his superior talents surnamed L'Ingegno. His youth was marked by rivalry with the "divine" artist, his fellow-scholar; but his career was cut short by blindness while assisting his master, in 1480, in his undertakings in the Sistine. The works of this artist, in consequence rare, derive additional interest from the melancholy circumstance.

Mr. Rogers may well be proud of his *Lorenzo da Credi, The Coronation of the Virgin, attended by Saints* (55). The principal figures are surpassed in perfection of form and colour by the subordinate figures of the saints. The drawing is careful in the extreme, the draperies are well cast, and the colour and finish are of great beauty. The picture bespeaks the peculiar quality which, derived from the same parent source of Verocchio, ultimately ended in that graceful gusto that distinguishes the Lombard school.

Lucas Cranach's *Crucifixion* (56) is an excellent example of that class of compositions and conceits which he has made familiar to us by the etching needle. For excellencies of a chromatic order the picture is but little remarkable. *The Virgin and Child and St. John* (57), by Ridolfo Ghirlandajo, is a pyramidal group—not slightly calling to mind similar treatments by Raffaele. *The Holy Family, &c.* (58), fresco, by Maturino, conveys, as we have said, to those who are unacquainted with the works of the *frescanti* in Italy no adequate idea of the powers of this art—while in its design are wanting that vigour and severity of style which belong to the proper practice of the material. It is no example, either, of such arrangement of colour or effect as, almost necessarily, is proper to its application. It is too picturesque in design and too pallid in colour: but it may be regarded with interest as a relic of a master whose works on so many of the façades of Roman houses have perished.

We pass over the *Portion of a Cartoon* (52) said to be by Raffaele—but which can scarcely be gravely contended to have been executed by him for the picture now so great an ornament of the Louvre. *The Design for a Figure in the Sistine* (60), ascribed to Michael Angelo, in our opinion is of equally apocryphal authority.

Memlinck or Hemlinck's *Portrait of Himself* (61) better satisfies us as an example of his delicate execution and hardness of style than *The Virgin and Child, with Saints, &c.*, also attributed to him. There is no correspondence between the last and the first—and nothing in the last to claim for him superiority.—Nor does the portrait of *Sir Thomas More's Father* (62), attributed to Holbein, bear much resemblance to the veritable chalk drawing by the artist now in the Royal Collection at Windsor. The pic-

ture wants the suavity and beauty of expression of the drawing.

Giovanni Bellini's *Head of a Youth* (68) is clearly a very early study—presaging such powers in colour as gave soon after to the world so renowned a school in that quality. *The Virgin and Child*, by Van Orley (69), and *The Coronation of the Virgin—Bruges in the background* (70), by Vander Goes, are two Flemish compositions of attenuated forms, remarkable for neatness of execution—and generally curious for the time of their production.

The Virgin and Child (76) by Van Eyck is a work of high interest, all circumstances considered. For the true and proper idea of the master, our National Gallery furnishes a better example. The miniature, by Giulio Clovio, of *The Marriage Feast*, derived from the account of St. Matthew, ch. xxii. requires minute inspection to observe with what fidelity and beauty the delineation of the human form has been given on so minute a scale. Of the two drawings by Raffaele, one, *The Dead Christ with the Mary* (74), is known as from the Crozat Collection. *The Virgin and Child* (80) is, to our thinking, just one of those examples which make the mind deliberate between the great master and his friend Bartolommeo di San Marco. We incline to give the authorship to the latter—because the forms are more rounded, and because the chiar-oscuro is more pronounced and the execution more like a picture than in the works of the former.

Of the three pictures by Vasari, *Faith* (72), *Hope* (92), and the group of *Portraits of Petrarch, Dante, and other Italian Poets* (110), the last is the most important. It is not only the most important of these, but one of the most important of the artist's works out of Florence or of his native town. His pictures have rarely the same interest as his written pages:—his dogmas and practice seldom square. Here, however, while the style is highly expressive of the characters represented, the colour is of no mean excellence. The whole gives a favourable idea of the pictorial talents of the Arretine artist.

Giovanni Bellini's *Virgin and Child* (86) has that air of truth generally conspicuous in his works of an early period at Venice and in those of his scholars. In the pictures at the Accademia in that city and in the churches of the several states of Friuli are many similar examples.

The Portraits of a Man and Woman (88), by Quintin Matsys, just purchased at the dispersion of Mr. Wells's collection, will gratify those who like to see every hair, every wrinkle, almost every pore of the skin insisted on in pictorial representation. Certainly, the art is better than that of a Denner; but it is in degree only—and that not great. To us, the art whose highest aim is to present the deformities or decay of nature is at the best repulsive. Another example of Lucas Van Leyden, an *Adoration of the Magi* (96), is of much interest—a composition resembling those which we see in his etchings.

One of the finest examples in the collection is the *Portrait of a Female* (100), a profile. It is remarkable for a simplicity that is impressive; and whether this be the result of singleness of the object or of the seriousness of its treatment, no one work here, with whatever complexity of parts or exuberance of fancy, more arrests attention or commands admiration. Resembling as it does more than one style, and of an art peculiar to a period, it has not been named in the Catalogue. From certain characteristics likening it to more than one picture in the Florentine Uffizii, we should be inclined to assign it to the hand of Botticelli. Such a work should be in our national collection.

A remarkable specimen of a rare master is the *Virgin and Child* by Zwoll (101)—better known by his prints. His name is yet matter of conjecture—and presumed to be derived from a Dutch village, where either he was born or resided. This picture is supposed, and with some reason, to be the only one by the artist in this kingdom.—The circular *Holy Family*, with *St. John* (105), ascribed to Domenico Ghirlandajo, will hardly satisfy of the fact those who remember his works in Florence, either in church, public gallery, or palace. There is something grand in the actions of the Virgin and the Joseph—but the figure of Christ is too small in stature and mean in pose, and the St. John is affected and overdone. With our memory strong on

the merits of this especial master, we believe this picture to be the work of a very inferior hand.

A Tempera picture, of great interest, by Piero della Francesca, is *The Virgin and Infant Saviour attended by Saints and Angels* (106). In spite of much hardness and formality, it abounds in sweet and graceful passages. The saints and angels are not unworthy of Angelico himself. The actions are in perfect conformity with nature and with the characters; and the drawing of the heads is unsurpassed by any other works of the time.—*The Death of the Virgin*, by Domenico Panetti (102), ought not to be overlooked:—the student will find in it much to reward his attention. The actions are natural and fine—they imply dignity of person and sympathy with the scene. The heads are highly expressive and full of variety,—the colour is rich and skilfully contrasted,—and the draperies are well disposed. The whole is a very useful picture for the artist's contemplation. As a specimen of Ferrarese art it is one of the best for the purpose.

Of an individual who has done so much to honour his native town, the Brescian Bonvicino, we have a good instance in *The Virgin and Child and St. Catherine* (107). It is rich in colour, with some capital flesh painting of the broad and unaffected look of nature. This artist's works are uncommon in this country, and merit attention and esteem.—Who painted the unpretending head which is called *Pico of Mirandola* (108) is not stated. It has an air of great vitality: the man thinks, and is about to record what he has thought. To the portrait-painter this is a lesson, to counteract the conceits and affectations of his painting-room. When shall we see our native artists giving up threadbare conventions for the honest reading of nature?

Another curious and instructive subject, by Carlo Crivelli, is *The Virgin and Child with St. Francis and St. Sebastian* (109)—marking as it does an early phase in the history of the practice of the Venetian school. Little can be said in praise of its dignity, beauty, or fitness; but it makes the merit of a Bellini or a Giorgione to see how rapidly they emerged from the depths of such an obscurity and ignorance to become the luminaries of the world and immediate progenitors of a race whose works are unsurpassed for chromatic arrangement and skill.

Of Verocchio so little is known in the way of painting, that we hesitate in ascribing to him *The Virgin and Child with St. John*, numbered 111. There is, it may be confessed, some conformity with the celebrated work of this master in the Florence Gallery—but not enough, in our view, to justify the positive assignment.—Of *The Madonna*, by Daniele di Volterra (112), it may be said that the expression is worthy of the great name attached to it. The hands are most in correspondence with the style seen in his fresco picture.

Four subjects of *Cherubim* are from the pencil of Dominico Campagnola (71, 73, 81, 83). They are more remarkable for striking and obvious effects of colour than for beauty of design or refinement. They recall not a little the obviousness of artistic intention visible in the Blenheim pictures; and, taken together with these, offer to the artist hints for a mode of studying from the nude which might be applied with good result.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

Sculpture.

A few more remarks on some of the works of Sculpture which yet submit to appeal to the public through the inadequate medium provided by the Academy will bring our notice of this year's Exhibition to a close. So far as this department is concerned, we have had little pleasure in the survey. On its evidence, the promise of some years back would seem to have failed, and the fast reviving genius of sculpture to have suffered a relapse. The art is gradually shrinking to the dimensions assigned it—its spirit seems subdued to the narrowness of its abode. Notwithstanding the many excellent acquired qualities of the school—the perfection of the technicalities—if the whole case were represented here, we should consider the cause as lost for our day. The most ideal of arts can scarcely be said to have a life of promise where the evidences of its identity are so few. Of the prose of Sculpture we have here

much—and good: of its poetry little—and none of the highest. Clever modelling and careful manipulation abound—but spirituality of conception and truth of sentiment would appear to have spurned the accommodation provided for them. The effect on the visitors is such as might have been expected. They enter the mean apartment listlessly, and leave it coldly. No pulse is stirred into sudden beating by some unexpected utterance of genius—no heart kindled into enthusiasm by fire brought direct from the heaven of invention. The oracles are silent—and the worshippers unmoved. The effect upon the art itself would be fatal, had it no other temple amongst us—and suffer it must, in spite of all higher manifestations elsewhere, from the unspiritual ministrations in this. The public will never warm greatly to Art while there is coldness in its schools.

There is abundant evidence here, however, that the sculptor is not the party to blame. It is only genius of the very highest order which its possessor will not barter for the world's rewards—and the sculpture demand in the markets of England is more and more every year for its low and vulgar forms. Portrait sculpture amongst ourselves, where it takes a more imposing form than that of the bust, demands as its condition precisely those attributes which it is a condition of high sculpture to reject. The transcendentalisms of the art cannot be clothed in coat and waistcoat. The Exhibition, then, as we said on a former occasion, is good enough for its public. Art, like all the other creatures of society and civilization, naturally falls into the conditions which society imposes, follows the law of the market, and matches supply to demand. The men of this world must pipe to such tunes as will be danced to, or pipe to the solitudes—and starve. Pan piping on his melancholy reed would be no music to a nation of posture-masters. A public so fond of seeing all possible reflections of its own dull face in the marble mirror must not look there for the gods of mind. The chisel which has caught the trick of their earthly proportions and expressions is spoilt for the revelations of spiritual beauty and the passionate dreams of the poet. It is, we have before said, the fashion of the day to be done in plaster. Every blockhead who can afford it must needs perpetuate the misfortune in a marble block. Our sculptors are all become “transmitters” of faces—foolish or otherwise, as the fact may be—and often such as might well extinguish the sense of beauty in the soul of the copyist for ever. But be the living subjects what they may, as we have again and again urged, there can be no doubt that this continued practice of the mere materiality of the art—the eternal modelling of cheeks and noses—where in the best instances the consummate hand does all and the poetical heart nothing—where loftiness of conception and tenderness of thought and feeling of grace are all faculties unemployed—must have a tendency to deaden the sensibilities and contract the powers of the sculptor. His very success in this department we hold to be a misfortune for his art—since it teaches him to be content with a success to which his art itself was not a motive and to which its spiritualities have not contributed. The present Exhibition abounds, as usual with these exhibitions, in busts that perform all which marble can within their narrow conditions. Some of them are even most remarkable for what they have achieved with such resources; and as a body they continue to be a powerful testimony to the excellent workmanship of the English school. But where selection would be something not very widely different from collection—where the same terms, with variations of intensity, must describe in every case—and scarcely recognizing bust-making as a branch of high Art—we will leave their several merits to be insisted on by those who love the class, and think that even the unpleasant accidents of form are fit things to be represented in marble.

Perhaps there is not a single work in this Exhibition of sculpture deserving higher terms of praise than Mr. Wyatt's *Statue in Marble of the Infant Bacchus* (1323). As seen from every point of view, the modelling is superb. With head upturned to eye the cluster of grapes which his right hand lifts, foot thrown back to sustain the action, and in the left hand, the cup which is the symbol of his especial deity—he is what a Bacchus should be—the genius of a sensual influence, without grossness. The attitude

and action are full of life and appropriate expression.

Mr. Gott's *Statue in Marble of Mary Magdalene* (1822) wants, to our thinking, all the character which the name suggests. It is a piece of sentimentalism—but the sentiment is not that of the Magdalene. The figure has the box of ointment, to be sure, for identification—which is the rudimentary mode of sculpture baptism. The Greek told his tale in characters less material. We have neither the former passion nor present penitence of the Magdalene. There is not shame, nor anxiety, nor remorse—but a smile of very deliberate sweetness that speaks a mind on easy terms with itself, and speaks it—we are obliged to use the word—mawkishly. This is no portrait of the Magdalene. In the presence of its defective spiritualities, it is of less consequence to mention a defect of material composition. The drapery is so drawn, by the retreating of the left foot, as to cross the figure in a straight line and at a curious angle—greatly disturbing, to our eye, the soundness of the pose.

Innocence, a statue by Mr. J. H. Foley—a seated figure of a female, clasping a dove to her breast—is not greatly to our taste. The expression is sweet—but too theatrically so—and the sentiment is that of the name; but the limbs are long and flat. There is, in fact, beauty in the idea—but the execution of it is somewhat tame.

An unfinished *Marble Statue of Henry Jephson, Esq. M.D.*, by Mr. P. Hollins (1821), is of colossal size. This is the work subscribed for as “a public testimonial to be erected in the Jephson Gardens, at Leamington,” in honour of the original “and as an acknowledgment of his public and private worth.” It is fitted, in the manner of its composition, for open air exhibition and distance. There are amplitude and sustenance in the fall of the drapery, which is so arranged as also to give variety. The action is unaffected.—A *Statue of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton* (1831), by Mr. Thripp, for erection in Westminster Abbey, has also an unfinished look. There is ease, but not grace, of attitude. There is nothing about the work of such ideality as even portrait sculpture admits of in the hands of genius.—While in the region of portrait, we will mention a *Marble Statue of the late Marquis of Hastings* (1863), by Mr. Lough. This work is intended to be placed in a mausoleum at Malta, where the late Governor-General of India is buried. It is one of the most disagreeable examples of marble portraiture that we have ever seen—grand and massive, but repulsive. Mr. Lough is fond of snatching a grace (or its opposite) beyond the reach of Art and the modesty of Nature. Here, in his costume “as he lived,” the recumbent figure is so presented as to bring irresistibly before us the idea of death. The military cloak, without being like anything but a military cloak, yet suggests the notion of grave-clothes—and the fleshy form, in the rounded and elastic proportions of the living man, gives yet the notion of a corpse. There may be intention and art in this; but if there be, it is a disagreeable intention and the extravagance of art.

We know not if a *Group, in marble, of a Faun and infant Bacchus* (1829), by M. H. de Triquet, is to be accepted as a fair specimen of French sculpture—but it is sculpture run mad. Sculpture “beside itself,” if that mean not itself—for in fact the group is not sculpturesque. There is movement, but without grace. The angular forms and ungainly action are as unpleasant as they are extravagant.—An unfinished group in marble representing *The Lamentation of Hagar* (1844), by Mr. W. Jackson, gives promise:—and a *Model of a Fisher Boy* (1868), by Mr. T. Earle, is a clever sketch.

A *Sea Nymph listening to a Shell* (1852), by Mr. J. Legrew, has beauty of modelling, but there is want of expression in it. There is something strange—perhaps unearthly—in the look; but we scarcely know if the idea conveyed would have been that of a nymph without the Catalogue. Neither is the look one that pleases us. In any case, the poet has not breathed on the marble—or clay—we forget which. There is no suggestion of the deep secrets which the hollow sea utters by the mystical voice that haunts the shell to the thoughtful heart—or the fond messages of association which a nymph might be thus receiving from her home in the waters. As

we have said, there is beauty in the figure—but no inspiration.

The last work which we think it needful to mention is *A drawing-room chimney-piece*, in white marble, (1854), by Mr. Marshall—a design of very great elegance enriched with extremely beautiful sculpture. The frieze represents Shakespeare's Seven Ages treated in arabesque; but as all the characters, from infancy to old age, are rendered in the persons of children, the thing looks like a masque of babes, and the dignity of the subject suffers. Incidental bits of poetry come, however, in reinforcement of the moral, and show the fine suggestions of the sculptor's mind. The foliage that encircles the hero of the moral in infancy is budding,—and the butterfly sits upon the flowers. Doves nestle near the lover,—the owl sits watching the statesman,—the laurel springs for the soldier,—while around the path of the old man travelling to the close of this “eventful history” the leaves droop and wither, and he clings to the dying tendrils for support into his grave. On the pilasters are beautiful figures of *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*—exquisitely designed and wrought. The central ornament on the top is not so much to our taste; but the two lateral surmounting ornaments are half recumbent figures of Cupid and Psyche. The winged Psyche, with the emblematic butterfly on her wrist, is a beautiful presentment, in form and attitude. Still, something is wanting in this, as we have had to point out in other fine works bearing the name, to satisfy the heart that has brooded over this most spiritual of all the mythological creations. But who has ever sculptured or painted Psyche? This is not she who in the divine dream wears the lineaments of earth, yet is ready for translation. He must be a poet of the first order who touches the delicious fable with the chisel—as that was a heart of the highest class in which the sweet and spiritual fancy first grew. No sense of mere loveliness, no selection of perfect forms, such as in their combination might represent the divinity of a Venus, can approach the heart of this beautiful mystery. Our sculptors do not think of this—or they would scarcely venture on the theme. The very birthplace of the sweet and transcendental fancy is a mystery to all men. It grew amid the deep secrets of mortal thought, none knows when or how—but has floated on its own music from age to age, and is an imperishable part of the poetry of nations. Mr. Marshall's Psyche—though, as we have said, a beautiful presence—is not the Psyche of the musing heart; not even Psyche the loved and loving,—still less the Psyche who was a mourner and a wanderer through the world, seeking for that lost love which she never found again but in heaven.—The Cupid is an exquisite piece of modelling, with something of the elevation of the fable on his brow and in his bearing.—In his name, we turn from the Exhibition with a good word.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—We may announce that arrangements are in progress for the formation of a committee to superintend the getting up of a subscription for the Vernon Testimonial recommended in our columns last week [p. 585, col. 3]. We believe we shall be in a condition to give further information on the subject in our next week's publication.

Notes of preparation for the ultimate restoration to society of the pedestal of the Nelson Pillar in Trafalgar Square begin to multiply. Mr. Ternouth has completed his alto-rilievo illustrative of the Engagement off Copenhagen; and this, with Mr. Woodington's, will furnish a portion of our inquiry into the condition of sculpture amongst us as exhibited by its monuments without the walls of the Academy—when, as we have said, the more formal Exhibitions of the season are disposed of.

On the subject of this monument, a correspondent writes to us as follows:—“It is to be regretted that a little more foresight is not exercised in regard to public works—more especially those of ornamentation; since, being intended for effect alone, if unsatisfactory in that respect they become unsatisfactory altogether. The basement of the Nelson Column is the best part of the design,—the only one, in fact, which shows a fresh idea. The four masses of masonry branching out below diagonally from the angles of the pedestal give a most satisfactory appearance of security to the structure, by widely extending its lower part,—and also produce what

architects call play. But whether they will be made to conduce ultimately to all the effect obtainable from them remains to be seen. If those four sub-pedestals are to be occupied by as many couchant lions, the animals will, in such attitude and raised so much above the ground, show as little better than so many heavy lumps—and scarcely show at all from any distance; whereas, four colossal bronze candelabra, rising up nearly to the same height as the cornice of the pedestal, would be plainly visible from a distance, give striking importance to the whole of the pedestal part of the monument, and produce great perspective effect. Being of the same material as the reliefs in the panels of the pedestal, they would carry out that darker colour by extending it to other parts. It was a great oversight that the capital being of bronze, the base of the column was not of the same; since base and capital—or the two extremities—of a column ought to agree in material and colour. Perhaps it would be better were the candelabra here recommended to be partly of stone and partly of bronze,—their stems of the former, and the ornamental parts executed in the latter material; since by that means they would present the same intermixture of materials and colour as the pedestal will do when the reliefs shall be put up. For the general form of the candelabra,—something partaking of the idea of a rostral column would be an appropriate one; and the lower beaks of ships projecting from them might give out streams of lighted gas in the evening,—thereby rendering the reliefs visible at such time as well as by day. What I would advise is, that if any doubt be entertained as to which would be the most effective mode of the two, the matter should be brought to the test of public experiment, by having two full-sized models—one of a couchant lion, and one of such a candelabrum as is here spoken of,—both coloured “proper,” as the heralds call it,—put up on two of the diagonal pedestals, and there suffered to remain for several months. The small wits would have their jokes, no doubt,—and perhaps be very facetious about a trial of strength between the British lion and a candlestick; but in spite of all the squibbery to be anticipated, I firmly believe that the candlestick would be generally allowed to be by far the more elegant and stately object of the two.”

The following regulations have been issued by the Trustees of the National Gallery, with respect to the public admission to view the pictures presented by Mr. Vernon to the nation, at that gentleman's house in Pall Mall:—“The public to be admitted by tickets on the Tuesday and Thursday of each week, from the 1st of May to the 9th of September, 1848, between the hours of 10 and 3 o'clock. Tickets to be obtained on application at the National Gallery, on the Monday for Tuesday and on the Wednesday for Thursday. Not more than 300 tickets to be issued for each day.”

We may add the following to our list of pictures at the Royal Academy which have been sold. Mr. Danby's ‘Evening Gun at Sea,’ was sold to Mr. Robert Stephenson, the engineer.—Mr. Ward's ‘Council of Horses,’ was sold to Mr. Vernon, to form part of the national collection before the opening day. The following have been recently selected by Art-Union prize-holders:—Mr. Crewick's ‘Home by the Sands’ (150 guineas); Mr. Reinagle's ‘Shipping off Hurst Castle, Isle of Wight’ (30 guineas); Mr. Stark's ‘Forest Pond’ (25 guineas); Mr. O'Neill's ‘Spectacles for all Ages’ (25 guineas); Mr. T. F. Marshall's ‘Pointing out the Text’ (70*l.*); and Mr. Gisbourne May's ‘Observatory in Greenwich Park’ (15*l.*).

We have been much gratified with the sight, at Mr. Farrer's, of a small picture by Raffaele representing ‘The Agony in the Garden.’ They who are conversant with the works of Perugino will have no difficulty in recognizing the style and bias of that master in its composition, and therefore, assigning it to the period of the pupilage of the “divine” painter. Although of such miniature dimensions, it preserves the greatness of style which distinguished Raffaele's subsequent works. The expression is powerful without exaggeration—and the pose is simple, yet striking. Its colour is just such an arrangement, in such ratio of brilliancy, as would be attainable with the range of materials offered by the fresco palette. Its finish is of the highest order,—being the exact medium of completion without pettiness or insipidity.

There is also at Mr. Farrer's a large fresco, 'Hercules resting after one of his Labours,' ascribed to Ludovico Caracci—but which, from the largeness of its style, the vigour and firmness of its outline, and the peculiarity of its colour, may with more reason be assigned to Annibale. Lord Granville is the proprietor, and, we believe, the importer (from Bologna), of this very interesting example. To students from the nude it offers very good hints as to the value of style and of decision and firmness of hand.

Mr. H. Phillips has, we hear, just returned from Paris, with one of the best likenesses of M. Lamartine yet taken—painted during his sojourn in that capital.

Two very fine gallery pictures by the Caracci from the Giustiniani Gallery—well known, and mentioned by Malvasia—one by Annibale, 'Christ with Martha and Mary,' solid and grandly painted—the other 'The Visitation,' by Ludovico, a solemn and partially lighted effect poetically treated—were submitted for sale on Saturday last. They were not, however, disposed of—a reserved price having been put on them. They were excellent examples of the masters.

The *Daily News* says:—"The Dean and Chapter of Westminster deserve very great praise for the recent alterations in the Abbey. It is hardly like the same place. The north transept is open to the south, and the south to the north; and when you stand in Poets' Corner, by the graves of Garrick and Johnson and the monuments of Shakespeare and Gay, you can see Flaxman's Lord Mansfield, Bacon's Lord Chatham, and Chantrey's statue of George Canning, in the transept on the other side of the choir. Formerly, you could see nothing more than an incongruous screen, very little better than an ornamental boarding. Then, the old stalls and seats have been removed; new canopies erected, in capital taste, carrying on the style and character of the Aymer de Valence monument; the organ placed on one side; and the great west window made visible from the choir. By these alterations, one thousand additional seats have been obtained. But this is not all. The windows in the south transept and Poets' Corner have been filled with stained glass, in an early and good style, by Messrs. Ward & Nixon. The great upper light is a maygold window, of exquisite shape; beneath is an open arcade, with three double lights; and beneath that is a row of six lights. All are filled with stained glass, and each compartment is complete in itself. The colours are rich—the rubies and blues wonderfully so. The designs, too, are good. Other works are in progress. The Dean and Chapter are about to restore to the places from which they were stolen two emblazoned bronze couteaus from the tomb of Edward III. and a bronze wreath from the tomb of Henry VII. These have been returned by the repenting individuals, or executors of parties that must have torn them from these royal monuments. Another penitent pilferer has lately sent to the Dean a slice taken some years ago from the royal coronation chair."

Mr. Wright, an engraver, and brother-in-law of the late Mr. Dawe, R.A., during his stay at St. Petersburg arranging his relative's affairs, had excellent opportunities for making preparations for an engraving from the celebrated picture painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, for the Empress Catherine II. of Russia, of 'The Infant Hercules strangling the Serpents.' The drawing, which Mr. Wright now has on view, is elaborately executed in water colours; and is not only interesting as a preparation for his intended print in a mixed style, but will soon become of increased interest,—the original picture being every day nearer its decay from the fact of its cracking in all directions. The deterioration of Time is helped on by the restorers—Italians generally; who, not confining themselves to the repairs actually necessary, bedaub and beplaster what their unsparing hands encounter.

In Paris, a meeting of literary men was recently held in the School of the Fine Arts, to receive the report of a committee appointed to convey to the Minister of the Interior the wishes of the literary body relative to the formation of a jury for pointing out such works on the subject of Fine Art as are deserving of ministerial encouragement.

A paragraph which appeared in our paper a week or two ago (*ante*, p. 563) has occasioned, we understand, some misconception as to the officials of the School of Design at Somerset House—and on referring to its wording, we see that the misconception

is justified. It would appear as if the secretaries of the Board of Trade and its law assistant were officers of the School of Design instead of the government ministry. The School, we hope, needs no such officer as the latter for the management of its affairs—and its secretary is still, as is well known, Mr. W. R. Deverell. The confusion of expression occurred in extending the official list from a tabular into its present form.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT-GARDEN.

Third Night of 'ANNA BOLENA.'
Third Night of Mdlle. Lucile GRAHA.
On TUESDAY NEXT, June 29th, will be performed for the Third Time this Season, Donizetti's Opera 'ANNA BOLENA.'

EXTRA NIGHT.

First Night of 'LA GAZZA LADRA.'
On THURSDAY NEXT, June 22nd, a Grand Extra Night will take place, on which occasion Rossini's Opera, 'LA GAZZA LADRA,' will be performed for the First Time this Season. After which, the Last Act of the Opera 'I CAPULETI E MONTECCHI' ('Romeo and Juliet'), in which Madame Pauline Viardot and Madame Castellan will appear.

Composed, Directed of the Music, and Conducted, Mr. Costa.
To conclude with the Grand 'FÊTE DES FLEURS' from the Ballet of 'NIRÈNE.'

Admission to the Box Stalls, 15s. and 12s. 6d.; to the Pit, 8s.; to the New Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.; to the Amphitheatre Stalls, 5s.

Performances will commence at Eight o'clock.
Tickets, Stalls, and Boxes for the Night or Season, to be obtained at the Box-office of the Theatre, which is Open from Eleven till Half-past Five o'clock, and at the principal Libraries and Music-sellers.

A SECOND GRAND MORNING OPERATIC PERFORMANCE will be given on MONDAY, June 30th.

THE LAST MORNING CONCERT.

The LAST GRAND MORNING CONCERT of the present Season is fixed to take place on FRIDAY, July 7th.

Tadolini, Cruvelli, Vera, De Mendi, Schwarz, Sabatier, Madame F. Lablache, Miss Jolly, the Misses Williams, Madame Dorus-Gras, Gardoni, Marra, Brizzi, Brandi, Lablache, Coletti, Bellotti, Ciabatta, Herr Fischer, and Mr. John Parry. The above distinguished vocalists, in conjunction with the most eminent instrumentalists, will perform the GRAND ANNUAL MORNING CONCERT on MONDAY, 29th June, in the GREAT CONCERT ROOM of HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, under the immediate patronage of Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen and the Royal Family. Early application is solicited for Boxes, Stalls, and Pit Tickets which may be obtained at all the Music-sellers, Principal Libraries, and of M. Benedict, 2, Manchester-square.

PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.—The Seventh was an excellent concert;—among the main attractions of which were Beethoven's 'Pastorale,' the Overture to 'Oberon' (encored), and Mendelssohn's 'Meerestille.' The last, on the whole, went better than it generally has done. Why the Philharmonic audience should be so indifferent to a piece of music next in value to its own composer's favourite 'Midsummer Night's Dream' Overture is an inconsistency hard to account for,—save by recollecting how largely connoisseurship is an affair of caprice and sympathy. We recollect hearing Dr. Mendelssohn say that his own Leipzig public would be disappointed by its cold reception of the aforesaid 'Pastorale' among Beethoven's Symphonies. With the Londoners it is in first favour; and one might have fancied that the same senses and tastes as are gratified by the scenery of the meadows, the rivulet, the village-dance, and the storm, would also appreciate the ample and deep and harmonious shadowing forth of the sea-calm, the stir of the voyage when the breeze begins to freshen, the stately anchorage of the ocean-traveller, and the joy on shore! Yet it is not so: and those who, like ourselves, thrill with pleasure at the admirable picturesqueness and rich musical beauty of this work, must wait (without vexation) for Time to mend the matter. The solo was a violin Concerto, the composition of Maurer, performed by Mr. Cooper. This gentleman in the days of his pupillage under Signor Spagnoletti excited attention; but he has since been lost to the public,—unaccountably, it seems,—since his tone is firm, his style large, and his expression true, so far as the very mediocre composition selected for his *début* enabled us to judge. He was received as another De Beriot might have been; the cordiality of his welcome, we fancy, being heightened by that spirit of nationality which is now so oddly wandering through the world in conjunction with or antagonism to the spirit of Republicanism, Equality, and Brotherly Love. When we recollect that M. Vieuxtemps (one of the most superb players in Europe) was all but hissed,—the pretext being the music which he performed, though that was at least as worthy as the music of Maurer—such a qualification as the above remark conveys becomes a duty with those who desire

To keep the balance true.

It is not to be understood, however, as any disparagement of Mr. Cooper; who is in most respects a fine player, and an acquisition to the ranks of British artists.—The singers were Mdlle. Corbari and Madame Viardot-Garcia.—It is announced that the Eighth Concert will be given "by command."

CONCERTS OF THE WEEK.—These must, with little exception, be spoken of in the most compendious fashion possible. Six pianists have received their friends since we wrote last—*M. Bilet, Herr Kuhe, M. Gorla, Mr. Cohan, Madame Dulcken* (at the Royal Italian Opera House) and *Mr. W. S. Bennett*. The last entertainment was the worthiest,—since (no offence to the second, third, and fourth artists on our list) whereas they manufacture, Mr. Bennett composes,—and the driest composition is better than the most taking manufacture. Were Mr. Bennett, however, more largely to devote himself to writing, it would be to his own and our benefit,—since his imaginations do not always take the forms best calculated for their expression. The idea of the first and last movements of the *Concerto* in a minor which he played on Thursday were fitter for chamber-music than for treatment with full orchestra. In the latter form of composition, decision and breadth of outline are indispensable; and without these, originality runs a risk of passing unperceived,—as a cameo is lost when hung on the wall of a public room, albeit the cameo may be essentially more grand than many a statue, heroic-size, by some renowned stone-cutter. Much is it to be wished that any remonstrances would make one so capable of adding to the stores of European music regard the highest exercises of Art as not so much an occasional luxury as a daily duty,—and our eagerness is quickened by fancying that in Mr. Bennett's later works the ideas have become progressively more delicate and the construction more embroiled. Mr. Bennett's other solo was his *capriccio* in E major with orchestra. Then, Herr Molique gave us a *fantasia* on Hungarian airs;—Signor Piatti, whom we are inclined to rate as incomparable among his contemporaries on the "bass-viol," another on the violoncello;—and an orchestra, the 'Midsummer Night's Dream' music by Mendelssohn.—These made up (with the singing of Madame Dorus-Gras, Miss Dolbey, Miss Duval, Mr. Lockey, &c.) one of those beneficent concerts which it is a pleasure, not a weariness, to attend.

While we are among the pianists, we must not forget a seventh—Mr. Osborne; who performed Beethoven's pianoforte Quintet with wind instruments at Mr. Ella's *Musical Union* on Tuesday. To complete the list, the concerts of *Miss Steele* and of *Miss Binfield Williams* were held last evening; also 'The Seasons' were given at Exeter Hall, for M. Surman's benefit,—of which we may have more to say next week.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Be the mood dark or fair in which criticisms are received by enthusiasts who invest their idol elect with a charmed life, we yield to none in our desire accurately to appreciate and cordially to acknowledge the remarkable gifts of Mdlle. Jenny Lind. That she reads her parts more deeply than she feels them we are increasingly convinced: but we can admire a *voce di testa* as well as a *voce di petto*, and sympathize with head-genius as well as with heart-genius. Then, while we are no less certainly aware that her own share in the given opera is sometimes overweeningly present to her, we remember that such has ever been the tendency of actors whose *estro* is reflective rather than impulsive. A compound of the two qualities, making the perfect dramatic artist, occurs once in a lifetime to show the world that such a thing can be,—and the name thereof is Pasta!—'L'Elisir' is said to be one of Mdlle. Lind's favourite operas. Whether or not this be so, her *Adina* is as curious to study as a character elaborately studied must always be. Never was more ruthless creature seen. While in the first scene she sits reading the story of *Queen Isotta's* love charm,—O, so wrapt up in her book!—every motion of her eyes, arms, head, the little laugh, too, which proclaims how intensely she is amused, are directed in remorseless artillery against poor *Nemorino*. He must be ultra-firm to resist, but ultra-fond to abide the amount of after teasing. Through the subsequent scenes the caprice of the character is wrought up to too sharp an edge. The *Coquette* is made a touch too naughty,—

a touch too serious when promising herself to the Sergeant,—a touch too modest when joining in the duett with the Quack-doctor. The game is played till we fancy the gamester not worth saving, and count as barefaced selfishness the downpouring of pathetic sorrow into which the damsel's sauciness dissolves when she finds that her swain is "up in the market" and all but lost to her. *Amina's* self hardly takes to her troubles in sadder earnest; and her repentance becomes a solemn transaction, instead of being the camelion's last change, not so final as to be beyond the possibility of yet one more metamorphosis. While we feel that *Mdlle. Lind's Adina* is less "exquisitely knit" (to borrow the Talking Oak's epithet for the Fairies) than she should be, it must be owned that the strength thrown into her personation increases its chances of amusing the audience. And though never was actress more clear of vulgarities used as arts of attraction, to hold her audience fast is obviously the Lady's first and fixed idea. Thus much of *Mdlle. Lind's* acting,—which exceeds the acting of former *Adinas* far more than her singing surpasses theirs. She challenges her most inventive predecessors and contemporaries in audacity and originality of *cadenza*:—let us instance her appositely capricious *gruppetto* on the words "*Bella richiesta*," and the graces of every form and order flung about from the first to last notes of her final *rondo*. But in this requisite to charm and to surprise we have to choose betwixt her and Madame Persiani and Madame Viardot-Garcia; while not one of the three commands that apparent unconsciousness which made the *floritura* of Madame Cinti-Damoreau so delicious. In another requisite for this modern Italian music the Swedish Lady comes off decidedly second-best,—to wit, *accent*. Those who appreciate the point which Madame Persiani imparts to every phrase, the exquisite neatness with which she can talk upon music of an animated measure without sacrifice of tone, or beat, or rhythm (let us call to mind, as illustration, her singing in 'Mahtilde di Shabran'), cannot but be aware that a grace and finish are lacking to *Mdlle. Lind's* execution. Possibly they never can be added, because they may reside in nationality,—since Madame Persiani herself is *traineau* and super-sentimental in the French music which Madame Dorus gives so airily, while neither lady is "quite the right thing" in the *cantabile* of Mozart. But these are the veriest subtleties of criticism;—however needful to note, preposterous if entered into save when first-rate artists are the subject. Of *Mdlle. Lind's* present fancy to produce the utmost tone we have already spoken with regret.

Let us again commend Signor Belletti's singing of the restored *aria* in the second act; but he is a heavy and matter-of-fact *Belcore* as compared with Tamburini. On the other hand, Signor Gardoni has improved as *Nemorino*; and the opera, kept alive by *soprano, tenore*, and the talk of *Dr. Dulcamara*, goes "merry as a marriage bell,"—allowing for the discord from time to time made by the orchestra.

The *divertissement* of 'The Four Seasons'—who are only *Mdles. Rosati, Marie Taglioni, Carlotta Grisi, and Cerito*,—however brilliant, has hardly sufficient novelty of idea to dance the *Ballet* back into its olden state of popularity. The Divinities, the Muses, the Graces, the Elements, the Senses, the Hours, the Flowers, the Vegetables, the Quarters of the Globe, and the Powers of the Air,—we have had too much of these things, and cannot now read the *programme* of an entertainment of this family without recollecting the musician's impromptu plan for a birthday serenade for royalty. The poet was puzzled how to contrive something new for so old an occasion. "Nothing easier," was the reply of the *maestro*. "Six voices—*Peace, Plenty, and Justice, Britannia, Caledonia, and Hibernia*."

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.—Never having joined company with those severe people who think it proper to be shocked to their devout hearts by not finding pure Shakespeare in operas made on his plots, we have no objection to find operas in Shakespeare. How, indeed, can it be amiss that his 'Romeo and Juliet' should be taken as a subject for music, if it be admitted fair that Boistieu's novel and Brooke's poem (both founded on an Italian legend) should be taken by the Dramatist as basis for tragedy? Much cant, under pretext of reverence, is current regarding these matters. Such

adaptations no more amount to desecration of our Poet than the selection of his scenes and characters for sculpture or painting; however loudly they be denounced by speaking actors, who themselves have cut and carved the plays (to suit their own acting) at their own ignorant or selfish pleasure—or by pedantic purists, who would be considerably "ruffled" if called upon to witness the dramas given in their original integrity, with Kynastons *redivivi* for the *Juliet*s and court gallants of May Fair permitted to flaunt on the stage in Mantua while the bargain betwixt *Romeo* and the *Apothecary* was going on. But, on the other side, Shakespeare's plays have been destroyed with especial folly by the *librettists*—always a feeble race. Dolefully washy, too, is the music to which they have been set—the exceptions being Rossini's 'Otello,' and Weber's 'Euryanthe,' if the latter may be accepted as the opera on 'Cymbeline.' The legend of Verona has been again and again treated, but always maltreated:—*Lady Capulet, the Nurse, Mercutio, County Paris*, all cut away! Then, as to music, there are pretty things in the 'Romeo et Juliette' of Steibelt,—but innumerable blank spaces also. Zingarelli's opera was half made up by and for *Pasta*,—the famous 'Ombra adorata' being a confection to which Crescentini furnished the melody and the songstress the meaning, which has retired with her. 'I Capuleti' is one of Bellini's poorer operas. In the duett for the two ladies, a *replica* of the *motivo* of the well-known *romanza* 'Vaga luna' comes in pleasingly. The first *finale* has a fair *andante*,—though this is not equal to a similar movement in 'La Straniera'; while the *stretto* has more stir and less slickness than are often found in Bellini's music. But beyond this, all is poor and featureless. The last act of Vaccai's 'Romeo' is yet weaker; and the tomb-scene concocted for *Pasta* was infinitely better. In short, the story is open to be re-written and re-set—should a new composer ever appear!

'I Capuleti' has not been given in London for the last fourteen years. This may arise in part from its feebleness; but in part also because we have had no singing *Romeo* since the golden days of *Pasta*, who preferred her own *pasticcio*—or "the diamond age" of Malibran, who before the period in question had left our Italian stage. The opera, however, cannot be repeated frequently, even with such unparagoned advantages as are supplied by the Covent Garden management,—in which Signor Costa, the chorus master, and Mr. Grieve have all greater or less share;—or even with such a *Romeo* as Madame Viardot. Yet few things have been seen on the stage more admirable than the hero's part as acted by her. It consists of four situations:—those of the love-duett,—the detection of *Romeo* by the hostile family,—his combat with *Tebaldo* (Signor Mei) interrupted by the dirge,—and the tomb-scene. Throughout these, we had all the fervour of the deepest, tenderest, most fervid southern tragedy. Madame Viardot's general demeanour was admirable, because (as we remarked regarding her *Donna Anna*) she is possessed of her part,—fully but not pedantically. There is in all her effects a spontaneity which tells of feeling as instant as intense. Since we last met her in deep tragedy she has reformed all that was strange and disturbing in her gesture. Her attitudes are unprepared, and rivet by their ease as much as by their unexpectedness: witness her heart-broken clinging to the cloister windows as the dismal monkish procession with the bier passed singing by,—witness the sudden start (half of ecstasy, half of terror) at the moment when *Giulietta* awakens. Her death-scene, too, was managed with consummate tenderness and passion—the agonies neither too spasmodic nor too long-drawn,—the love, to the last breath, giving a beauty to the pain! In short, since the days of *Pasta*, we have seen no such tragedy on the operatic stage, save *Ronconi's*,—to which Madame Viardot bears a singular analogy; perhaps because with her, as with him, genius is stronger than physical gifts. Accepting her voice for what it is, and we fear must remain, Madame Viardot's singing was superb. There is little such serious recitative on the stage as her's. A duett *cadenza*, too,—probably of her own contrivance,—must be noted as a masterpiece. As has always heretofore happened, she entirely subdued her public ere she let them go:—and all who love matter for speculation

in their pleasures cannot do better than compare, as specimens of entirely opposite styles and attributes in two consummate musicians, the Swedish *Lucia* with the Spanish *Romeo*.

The *Giulietta* was Madame Castellan,—whom we never before heard to such advantage. She sang throughout the evening in perfect tune. When this is the case, her voice is charming,—both as to quality and extent. She finished her music more highly than is her wont; and since she holds out these hopes of progress, we will beg her to reconsider her fancy for *poussées* notes in her cadences, since the use of them is apt to give a thickness and a heaviness where lightness with accent is wanted. Her acting, too, was graceful and intelligent. The other parts were filled by Signori Marini and Polonini.

Mdlle. Grah made her curtsy on Tuesday evening, in the most brilliant and entertaining of recent *ballets*—the 'Manon Lescaut' of Signor Casati.

DRURY LANE.—*Théâtre Historique*.—The theatres in London on the Middlesex side of the Thames are under the control of the Lord Chamberlain of Her Majesty's Household. The Lord Chamberlain can refuse to license plays, and he can close the theatres just as he thinks fit. His authority is of old date. Shakespeare and his fellow-actors were the servants of the Lord Chamberlain in the reign of Queen Elizabeth,—wearing his badge upon their left arms and carrying his licence to perform wherever they went. At the accession of James they became the servants of the king, and wore the royal livery; though they still continued under the control of the Lord Chamberlain. At the Restoration, and indeed long after, the players were the servants of the Crown. Our kings encouraged our Shakespeares and our Ben Jonsons, our Burbages and our Bettertons. The players, too, were grateful. Formerly, they would kneel at the conclusion of a play and ask for a blessing on the Queen (this they did in Elizabeth's days); and when this custom was less observed, they still continued their loyalty by printing their 'Vivat Regina' at the bottom of their play-bills. The 'Vivat Regina,' the empty honour of being called 'Her Majesty's Servants,' and the misfortune of suffering from the control of the Lord Chamberlain still remain to them. But Her Majesty cares not for English actors.

Those flights upon the banks of Thames which so did take Eliza and our James are *caviare* to the Queen and Prince Albert.

That the royal exclusive patronage of foreign artists may have been one of the causes that have contributed to the decline of the British Stage we shall not dispute—the fashion which follows in the train of that patronage being unfortunately one of the necessary elements by which the Stage is nourished. But at the same time that this is only one of many causes, it must not be overlooked that to some extent there may be a justification for Her Majesty's anti-national predilections. Before the actor and the dramatist can be in a condition to throw a large amount of the blame on Court neglect, they must be prepared to show that they offer the best thing of its kind for Court acceptance. It is true that we are getting here into something like a vicious circle of argument; but in matters of taste, as in all other things, the true ground of success is the attractiveness of the thing claiming it,—and that is a matter not within the regulation of majesty. It is not in the very hour of the triumph of the Free Trade principle in England, that a petition like the following from the management and members of the Lyceum theatre,—provoked by the threatened appearance in London of the company attached to the *Théâtre Historique* of Paris—has a very gracious effect or a very reasonable argument.

To the Hon. the House of Commons in Parliament assembled. We, the undersigned, your petitioners, viewing with great alarm the announcement of a company of foreign artists at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, most humbly venture to call the attention of your Hon. House to the fact, that there being already several theatres open in London for foreign performances, to the great injury of English actors, and to the detriment of the various English theatres in the metropolis already established, and struggling to maintain their position, it must be evident that any increase of such performances must cause the immediate closing of the doors against native talent, and the numerous performers now engaged at the various theatres in the metropolis must be deprived of their subsistence; and not only are they personally sufferers, but the numerous artisans and their le-

millions, amounting to many thousands (taking the numbers in the aggregate of theatres in the metropolis), be wholly deprived of the means of support.

Your petitioners, therefore, humbly pray your Hon. House, by some enactment, to restrict the number of foreign theatres in the metropolis to those already established in the country, and to afford your petitioners such further and other relief as your Hon. House shall deem meet.

Now, the allegation of the petition would seem to be that some company of actors had been driven out by this French invasion—rather than that a body of speculators had established themselves to bid for so much of the English leisure and love of amusement as remained unoccupied in an empty house. Accordingly, it was, on the attempted appearance of the French company on Monday last, the key-note of one of the most disgraceful performances by which an English theatrical company has distinguished itself for many years. The emigrant actors were met by a premeditated storm of insult and reprobation; and a venture which might in all probability have been safely left to its own intrinsic failure has been to some extent rendered successful by the very means employed to stigmatize it. The parties who went to his of course paid for the chance of doing so—and that may answer the main purpose of the speculators as well as the success of their ten-act drama would have done, without improving their opinion of the audience which changed the programme. We put out of view any asserted indignation on the part of the English public arising out of the disgraceful treatment which the workmen of this nation have recently experienced in France; because even if it were an appreciable element in the present matter—of which we have great doubts—it is surely for Englishmen to set an example just now to nations less self-possessed. This savage reception by a London public of a body of foreign artists is rendered doubly ungraceful by the calamities of their country and the present ruin of Art in France. Time was when the Englishman would have scorned to fight the Frenchman with unfair weapons. Let our own actors play these foreigners out of England if they can. The following letter from M. Jullien's solicitor, which has appeared in the public prints, contains the whole moral of the question couched in very temperate phrase—

Last August, the Theatre Royal Drury Lane was let to M. Jullien. His first step was to seek Mr. Macready, and endeavour to engage his services, with those of Messrs. Charles Kean, Brooke, Mrs. C. Kean, and others embracing all the available talent, to make one great effort to reanimate the expiring national drama. These attempts failed signally. No such coalition could be obtained. More on this subject I decline to say. M. Jullien then turned his attention to the formation of a national Opera, with what success is known. At a nightly expense of 350*l.*, his receipts on many occasions did not reach 50*l.* So much for national support of national efforts. The theatre then fell upon M. Jullien's hands with a rent of some thousands a year. Every endeavour was made to induce an English company to take it; it would have been let at a less rent than the Theatre Royal Haymarket, and at about one quarter of what is now paying for the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden. No offer could be obtained; every one shrank from the speculation as if it were the plague. A French company, consisting of 30 individuals, take the house; they afford employment to about 200 of our countrymen; they beg but to occupy what is shunned, deserted, and cast away by ourselves—and they shall have it. I speak armed with justice and common sense. I do not want to appeal to Englishmen for the support or countenance they must have already accorded. I do but write these lines to assure them that I will use the strongest arm of the law to vindicate the outrage committed in their name.—F. P. CHAFFELL, 25, Golden Square, June 13.

We are glad, however, for the honour of the British stage, to add that the whole of these unmanly proceedings have been disavowed by the more respectable portion of the profession. On the following day, Mr. Macready waited on M. Hostein, the Director of the *Théâtre Historique*, to protest in their behalf and in his own against being involved in the disgrace. He handed at the same time to M. Hostein the following letter; which has also appeared in the journals, and was circulated in the theatre on the second night of the French performance as an antidote to the continued hostility of the house.—

June 13, 1848.

Sir,—I have the greatest pleasure in assuring you of the painful recollection I entertain, and shall always cherish, of the very flattering reception I met with in Paris on the three several occasions of my making professional visits to that city. Not only on the stage and in society, but from very many artists of the various theatres in Paris, I experienced the most gratifying and liberal attentions. It is with equal pain and surprise I have heard of the disreputable proceedings at Drury Lane last night.—I have the honour to be, Sir, your very obedient servant,

A. MORS HOSTEIN.

W. C. MACREADY.

Of the performance itself we have, of course, under the circumstances, nothing to report. It passed in dumb show. A drama in ten acts, continued through two nights of performance, was probably saved from formal failure only by the *divertissement* before the curtain. We can say merely that it is put on the stage with splendour;—the properties that made a portion of the short-lived glories of the new Paris theatre having been transplanted hither to make an ineffectual show on the stormy occasion.

HAYMARKET.—On Wednesday, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's comedy of 'Money' was revived—the hero and heroine being represented by Mr. and Mrs. Kean. We must reserve until next week our opinion on their performance.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—No one will accuse the *Athenæum* of lukewarmness in welcoming strange art and strange artists; but inasmuch as the connexion of "music and manners" is close and dear to every philosophical observer, the union of "sound and savagery" is to be satirized when it mounts like a plague into our high places or fills our public rooms. The grimacing of 'Juba'—the original *Bones* noted by Boz—may be in its proper place before a Bartleby booth or in a *Creomorne carrousel*;—but the Critic invited by wandering troops who imitate or emulate the *Ethiopian Serenaders*, to hear 'Lucy Long' and other such Coal-Hole ditties in places more worshipful must not be held remiss if he stays at home—nor merciless if he warns those who wait for his teaching that such exhibitions, in place of being diverting are "melancholy"—because not at all "musical."—The *Rock and Steel Band*, too, must be contented with this passing announcement of its performances. Too much that is vulgar and empirical is going about. We lose patience when we read of exhibitors angrily disputing the property of ugly noises and delirious gestures in 'The Maniac,' 'The Ship on Fire,' and such trash, in the law courts; and hold that the real verdict to be given on such occasions would be that of Mrs. Fairbairn, in Miss Ferriar's novel, to her quarrelsome children, "My dears, you all shall *all* go and frighten the coach." This keenness to secure monopoly implies that the appetite for savage pleasures is not so largely refined out of us as optimists would fain believe. On the other hand, we are particularly glad to recognize signs of better taste and discernment in a popular institution like *The Whittington Club*. This week, the members were to be treated to an entertainment on the *Music of the Principality*. The subject is an excellent one, and fresh for any lecturer—since, while the Welch airs have been duly collected by Mr. Parry and others (not forgetting the valuable and interesting publication by Miss M. J. Williams of Aberpergwm) they have been neglected by musical annalists and anatomists to a degree which is curious,—their great beauty, regularity, and individual character considered.

It is with pleasure that we call attention to a concert which will be given by M. Berlioz at the Hanover Square Rooms on the 29th inst. The disastrous issue of M. Jullien's Drury Lane speculation put a stop to the production of the much-talked-of compositions which we have been so long desiring to judge for ourselves; and we are proportionately glad to have further opportunities of making their acquaintance.—M. Chopin's *Matinée* (another attraction of the choicest possible quality) will be held on Friday next:—the last Concert of Mr. Hullah's chorals on Wednesday.

Our contemporaries announce the recent death of Madame Giublee (in her maiden days Mdle. Proche of the foreign theatres) and since her marriage one of the established members of every English operatic corps, being a sure and sprightly dancer trained in a good school.

Auber's 'Fiorella,' one of his earliest operas, has been revived at the *Opéra Comique* of Paris.—'L'Apparition' (whether opera or ballet deponent saith not) is to be given at the *Grand Opéra* immediately after the departure of M. Duprez, who goes for his *congé* to Brussels, where his brother is a manager. An amusing letter in the *Gazette Musicale* contributes its quota to the history of the entire stagnation (let us hope not the final devastation) of continental art, for which this year is so remarkable. From this we

learn that the performances of Mdle. Rachel, who has been playing in the Belgian capital with the aid of a family party, did not "draw." The police interdicted her singing of 'La Marseillaise'—a performance which, whether graceful or not in Paris, becomes the vilest clap-net when repeated as an attraction on a tour by a tragedian. As well might the *Phédre, Hermione, Lucrèce* of modern times announce her purpose of attitudinizing over a Tree of Liberty on the occasion of her benefit! The folly and worse of these ebullitions, "*faits à loisir*" to "put money in the purse" can hardly be too sharply stigmatized—most of all, when the charlatan is a Rachel.

But here is musical news from Vienna with a vengeance!—not tidings of a new Schubert or Beethoven—but news of fresh "barricades"—threats of an organized "snuffing-out" of the "stars" which will make the Linds tremble in their dressing-rooms and the Lindpaintners shake in their court-harness! The German artist, it will be recollected, is a state-servant with a life appointment—and his world also, therefore, to be reorganized, if the papers tell truth.—In particular, the singers, says the paragraph translated in *La Gazette Musicale*, are to be "clipt." The highest salary which is henceforth to be given to artists of the first class is to be 1,500 thalers (6,000 francs—240*l.* sterling). The ladies, however, are to receive an allowance for their dress! This is probably merely an extravagance of the time, like many a thousand more—but we recommend the very rumour of such a plan and its possible consequences to those who have been so loud in talking of the reverence for Art, &c. paid by our cousins-German—and the superiority of the Artist's position when he is cared for by the Government. Of the folly of such an assumption we have had only one opinion since we have been able to examine the real workings and bearings of the matter in the *Paradises* so largely preached up to the mammon-worshipping English. We think the very report transcribed illustrates that we are right. Russia, England and America will, at this rate, presently become the homes of music and the drama. The Czar shakes from his sleeve diamond snuff-boxes, colonelcies, or—who knows?—a *steppe* with its thousand head of human cattle to reward those who seek his courts;—Mr. Economist Joseph has other things to do than interfere with the bargain of Mdle. Jenny;—while it is anything but Mr. President Polk's "ticket" to stop the flow of enthusiasm which rushes after the steps of a Fanny Elsler. And we suspect he might be lynched if he tried so to do!

We must note a recent "change" or two among the English theatrical vocalists. Mr. Harrison has appeared at the *Lyceum* in his favourite part of *Captain Macheath*.—'Amille' is about to be revived at Sadler's Wells, under the auspices of Miss Rainforth—who is put forward as the musical manager of that theatre during its summer season.

MISCELLANEA

The Australian Bush.—The following hints given by the *Geelong Advertiser* for the direction of persons lost in the Bush suggest a graphic picture of that wild region, and of the perilous incidents that beset the life of the settler there.—

It is well known that scarcely a week passes, that some traveller is not bushed for more or less long periods, in some instances for several days together, and there is much reason to fear that in a country extended as this is, where men are constantly travelling long distances from one part of it to the other, having neither tie nor connexion, any friends to ask or inquire, that many perish who have never been heard of or even missed. It sometimes happens that a shepherd, or stock-keeper, will fall across the bones of some unfortunate traveller, who has thus met with an untimely fate, when an examination takes place at some settlers' station or bush public-house, but seldom any particulars are obtained respecting the discovery. When a traveller finds that he has lost his road, and is not going in the right direction, he should at once sit down before he proceeds a step further; let him consider well the direction he has been travelling in, and what course he meant to have kept. A person not accustomed to the bush, in losing his way generally turns back, and not finding his track turns to the right, then to the left, so confusing himself that at last he is quite at a loss which way to go; if he had considered as soon as he discovered he had been going wrong, he might probably have regained his original track. After he finds himself at a loss which way to proceed, he should then make for low ground, this will generally lead to a creek or river; he should never attempt to make for a hill (home or out stations are seldom, if ever, built in such situations), but if he perseveres in making for the lowest land, keeping his

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